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SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1950.

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Belgians Cheer Prince Baudouin, New Regent

Brussels, Aug. 11.

Prince Baudouin today drove through cheering crowds 10 deep to be appointed Regent of Belgium and take the Oath of Allegiance to the land that had rejected his father as its monarch.

Cries of "Vive Baudouin" greeted the slim, bespectacled figure wearing the uniform of a Lieutenant-General as he drove to Parliament House.

On either side of the route, the Oath of Allegiance, a Communist Member interrupted the proceedings with a cry of "Vive le Peuple". He was hit by the head by a Catholic Member.

The President of the Chamber, Mr. Franz Van Cauwelaert, said a "grave offence against the Crown has been committed by a Member."

The young Prince was pale but undisturbed by the angry scene.

When he finished, applause rang through the House as all members, except the Communists, rose to their feet. Thousands of people outside cheered the Prince as he, escorted by the Presidents of the two Houses, returned to his car.

Earlier both Houses of Parliament, meeting in a joint session, ended King Leopold's reign three weeks after his return from exile. They passed the decree transferring the King's prerogatives to his son by 240 votes with eight abstentions.

In the streets of Brussels excited crowds cheered when the Prince drove to Parliament and on his return after the ceremony. He had to acknowledge thousands of cheers from time to time.

HIT OVER HEAD

As the Prince began his task of rallying a divided people, Mr. Jean Duvieusart, the Prime Minister of the all-Catholic Government, after a brief meeting of the Cabinet tonight, went to the Palace and tendered the resignation of the Government to the Prince Royal.

Prince Baudouin accepted the resignation but asked that the Government carry on as a "caretaker" administration.

When Prince Baudouin raised his hand in Parliament to take

Off To America



Two blonde wigs arrived one evening at the Chelsea cottage of Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier and they were hastily packed by Vivien Leigh (Lady Olivier) before she caught the night plane for the United States, where she will make a film of "A Streetcar Named Desire." She does not wish to blanch her hair for the part—hence the wigs. Picture shows her at the airport just before leaving London. (London Express Service)

General MacArthur Taken To Task For Trip To Formosa

London, Aug. 10.

The British left wing journal, New Statesman and Nation, said today that any war which might break out between China and the United States over Formosa would be the work of General Douglas MacArthur.

"In discussing military plans with Chiang Kai-shek, General MacArthur is not in any way acting for the United Nations," the weekly said.

"In seeming to countenance Chiang Kai-shek's naval and air blockade of China, in flat defiance of Mr. Truman's instructions, General MacArthur is not a fit and proper representative in charge of responsible military operations."

The Saturday said that America must at once stop Chiang's bombing of the Chinese mainland if she wished to retain any right to leadership.

Chi's object in blockading China was not military, but was designed to drag the United States into a new war with Communist China.

DANGER ZONE

"We cannot believe that the British Commonwealth will allow itself to be dragged by General MacArthur into an 'intervention' which would drive all the Asiatic peoples into the Communist camp."

Formosa was seen as the number one danger zone by other sections of the British press today.

The Manchester Guardian declared that the Americans must realize quickly the need for an entirely new approach to the problem and that the peace of the world cannot be left to the "hazard" of General MacArthur, Chiang Kai-shek and Mao Tse-tung.

The paper suggested seeking the help of the Indian Prime Minister, Pandit Nehru, in a bid to resolve the "headlock" with Communist China.

The Manchester Guardian also suggested, as an interim measure, the handing over of Formosa to the Formosans themselves so that they could run it as an autonomous state whose independence would be guaranteed by the United Nations.—Reuter.

BIG BATTLE EXPECTED FOR POHANG AIRFIELD

Parliament Recalled By Attlee

London, Aug. 11.

The British Cabinet tonight recalled Parliament to meet on September 12, a month earlier than scheduled, to discuss the defence situation.

The decision to recall both Houses came after a hurriedly called Cabinet meeting today at which Ministers and the Chiefs of the three fighting Services attended.

Earlier in the day Mr. Clement Attlee, the Prime Minister, had a special audience with King George at Buckingham Palace.

Parliament adjourned on July 22 and would normally have met again on October 17 but it was clear then that it would be re-assembled earlier should the need arise.—Reuter.

SERVICE PAY

London, Aug. 11.

Important decisions on defence, including improved pay and conditions for Britain's fighting forces, were believed to have been taken at a Cabinet meeting hastily called by the Prime Minister, Mr. Clement Attlee, today.

Lacking over three and a half years it was one of the longest British Cabinet meetings of recent months.

Ministers and Chiefs of Staff of the three fighting Services joined a hurried assembly of Cabinet members at No. 10 Downing Street shortly after Mr. Attlee had ended preliminary discussions with the Foreign Minister, Mr. Ernest Bevin, and the Defence Minister, Mr. Emanuel Shinwell.—Reuter.

Ship With Cracked Hull Asks Help

New York, Aug. 11.

The Norwegian freighter Jelfri, wallowing heavily across the North Atlantic with a cracked hull, asked Coast Guard escort cutter on Friday to "stand by to rescue us if this be necessary."

The captain of the stricken vessel explained that water, coming through the cracked hull which has been partially repaired, was being absorbed by the cargo of china clay and was "making us heavier."

The cutter Dexter answered the distress call from the Jelfri on Monday, when the vessel was approximately 650 miles northeast of St. John's, Newfoundland. She was bound for Philadelphia from East and since then, the Jelfri has made less than 175 miles. The heavy seas that hampered the cutter's efforts to patch the vessel and make her seaworthy have ebbed. However, the stricken freighter is still taking water. The Jelfri and her escort are making about eight knots in heavy fog.

"Thirty-nine men and one lady passenger aboard. Please, keep near us," the Jelfri's last message said.—United Press.

TRYGVE LIE FLIES HOME

Lake Success, Aug. 11.

The Secretary-General of the United Nations, Mr. Trygve Lie, leaves today for a brief visit to his home country of Norway.

The Secretary-General, who will be accompanied by his wife, plans to be away about a week. He plans to see the Foreign Ministers of the three Scandinavian countries during his trip.

A spokesman said that Mr. Lie would fly back here immediately "should any unforeseen developments occur in the Security Council."—Reuter.

Ships Stand By For Possible Evacuation

Tokyo, Aug. 12.

American and South Korean forces braced today for an expected all-out North Korean assault on the vital east coast Pohang airfield, and two United States destroyers were rushed to stand by to evacuate the defenders if necessary.

Commanders of the Air Force ground crews and American and South Korean infantrymen and tank crews were confident that they would save the field—the best one the Americans now hold in Korea.

Officers believed that they were geared for an expected heavy assault, but the two destroyers and a fleet of South Korean vessels lay off shore just in case the North Koreans went out in a bitter fight to hold the air base.

The destroyers also were expected to add their fire power to the American artillery set up to defend the field.

Assigned the task of defending the base six miles south of the port of Pohang, which fell to the Communists last night, were Air Force ground crew officers, American infantrymen and tank men and a crack South Korean outfit. The tanks were rushed in for the assault which was expected at any moment.

Mustang fighters roared to the field to bomb and strafe the enemy, who were massing within gunshot in the woods nearby.

POHANG IN FLAMES

The commander of the task force which was sent to aid in defence said he was confident that the field would be saved.

At 7.30 a.m. he announced: "I have advised General Walker that the situation is in hand and the airport is secure."

The message was sent to Lieut. Gen. Walton Walker, commander of the ground forces in Korea, as the American artillery sent shells into the surrounding hills in an effort to clean out the hidden guerrillas.

The Communist troops had taken Pohang six miles north of the airfield and 62 miles north of the Pusan supply port. Flames rose fitfully from the city during the night, but the fires died down as dawn broke. United Press front correspondent Robert Vermillion reported. During the night, infantrymen on the outer rim of the defence perimeter killed several guerrillas who tried

RED BRIDGEHEADS

With General MacArthur's Headquarters: For Korea, Aug. 12.

General MacArthur's headquarters announced officially early this morning that Communist bridgeheads over the Nakdong River around Taegu have been eliminated but their forces over the river about 19 miles south of Masan still pressed forward against the American 24th Division.

The announcement said that Communist troops last night seized the important town of Pohang on the east coast.

The city was in flames as the Americans withdrew after a savage night battle.

General MacArthur's communique issued at midnight said that the American counter-attack had pushed to within five miles of Chinju.

It also claimed that "Task Force Kean forced back the Sixth North Korean Division to within two miles of Koyang and five miles of Chinju as the enemy employed self-propelled and direct fire against attacking American units."

The communique reported that small, bypassed enemy pockets were being mopped up.

MOVING TO SEOUL

It said that United Nations elements in the Kyng sector "were counter-attacking a platoon of North Koreans down the corridor separating the east coast and South Korean defence positions."

"A report states that the North Koreans are preparing to move the seat of their government to Seoul on August 15, thereby demonstrating to the world the unity of North and South Korea and justifying their 'liberation' policies," the communique stated.

It added that naval forces had reported that numerous buildings and factories were destroyed in the Inchon area, and that marshalling yards were damaged at Seoul by air strikes of the Seventh Fleet, which also attacked Suwon, Chonan, Waegwan and Yosu.—Reuter.

Lost Atom Papers Recovered

Folkestone, Kent, Aug. 11.

Top secret papers on atomic research, stolen from an express train on Wednesday, have been recovered intact here.

Scotland Yard detectives and American Intelligence officers combined in a 48-hour country-wide hunt for the papers, which were lost by Mr. Frank Greenless, a Supply Ministry official, on his way to a research establishment in the north of England.

He left the case of papers in the corner of his railway compartment while he walked along the corridor of the train. On his return three minutes later the papers had vanished.

A man was detained by the police last night and was taken to London after the recovery of the papers.

The police announced that there was no suspicion of espionage in the theft of the papers.—Reuter.

No Progress Over Kashmir

Karachi, Aug. 11.

Sir Owen Dixon, United Nations Mediator in the Kashmir dispute, arrived here today from Delhi for further talks with Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan, the Prime Minister of Pakistan.

Asked "Are you still hopeful?" Sir Owen replied: "The position is unchanged so far as events are concerned."—Reuter.

EDITORIAL

Complacency Shed

MR Malik's studied indifference to normal behaviour in international deliberations does nothing to quieten the alarm bells set off throughout the whole free world by events in Korea. What the Soviet delegate's real purpose is cannot yet be clearly defined. It is possible he is merely playing for time, stalling the Security Council activity in the belief that the North Korean attempt to smash through to Pusan can succeed before effective counter-measures can be devised. It is conceivable that Malik stabs and sabotages awaiting another stroke, outside the Oriental sphere, prepared to veto the logical response until the ultimate breakdown can no longer be staved off. Events alone will provide a convincing answer to questions of that sort. In the meantime, the response of freedom loving countries permits of no misunderstanding. Work has already begun to bolster the defences of the Atlantic community against both the Soviet menace and the possibility of duplications of the Korean aggression elsewhere. Five-year programmes of defensive re-equipment are to be completed in two years, three at the maximum. The North Atlantic Council, the organisation deputed to co-ordinate the contributions of all signatories to the Treaty in such a way that outbreak of the third world war would find the military forces of twelve countries operating cohesively as a single unit, labours diligently. Korea's revelations and implications, in fact, have changed the whole picture since the "High Command" was first mooted. It has changed the scope and the time-table of all defence schemes and made strenuous the task of those responsible to their governments for evolving the unified system. The American Government is

fully aware, of course, that European countries still labour under the after-effects of the last war and has considerably boosted its arms and commitments. But they have a right to expect determination to make sacrifices in Europe's own interests, and for that reason the decisions of the British, French, Dutch, Belgian and other governments must be regarded as highly gratifying. These considerations are based on the lessons of the war in Korea, chief among them being the absolute necessity of matching strength with strength, revelations of the power of the Soviet war machine and a new appraisal of the general world situation. The coldly calculated dictation to the Communist leadership in North Korea which caused today's conflagration shows that the Soviets are no longer satisfied with pursuit of a "cold war." When the moment appears ripe to the Kremlin, they are willing to plunge, by proxy to their satellites, into "hot wars" wherever this seems advantageous. Korea warns. The Western world must be prepared for similar developments, possibly in the Middle East, maybe in Europe itself. And by the same token, Korea has exposed how ill-prepared the free nations were to cope with such contingencies. Six months to train a brigade to join the United Nations police force in Korea seems, with the knowledge now gained, preposterous. This is not criticism of the free nations, unless from the angle, being wise after the event, that after VE and VJ Days we should not have put trust in Soviet promises. Today, fortunately, we know and have shed all signs of complacency. The Western world will not pass that way again.

Czech Trade Unions To Be Purged

Frankfurt, Aug. 11.

Czechoslovakian trade unionists are about to be purged, Czech emigres reported here today.

Citing reports smuggled from inside their homeland, and considered reliable by independent observers here, the emigre paper, Czechoslovak News, reported that Czech trade unions have been handed over to a Moscow-trained Slovak, whose first party job was with the short-lived Bela Kun regime in Hungary 30 years ago.

The new trade union chief, Frantisek Zupka, replaced Premier Antonin Zapotocky, who recently resigned as president of the Central Council of Trade Unions, ostensibly because he was overburdened by the double job as Prime Minister and union leader.—United Press.

Menzies Bound For Tokyo

San Francisco, Aug. 11.

The Australian Prime Minister, Mr. Robert Menzies, arrived here from Seattle today en route to Tokyo for conferences with General Douglas MacArthur.—United Press.



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Lavender Water**

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A. S. WATSON & CO., LTD.
GLOUCESTER ARCADE

From the Oval, London (Harcourt Play).

10.23 Interlude.

March from the Second Suite in E (Holst).

10.30 "NOTHING BUT MUSIC." The Queen's Hall Light Orchestra, conducted by Sidney Torch.

The Noddy; Trees; Nell Gwyn (Overture); So Would I; Student Prince-Selections.

11.00 **REEL NEWBREL (LONDON RELAY).**

11.15 **WEATHER REPORT.**

11.45 "GOODNIGHT MUMMIE." The Queen's Hall Light Orchestra.

Revenge With Music; Yours (Hilgert); Adieu (Madrivier).

GOD SAVE THY KING.

11.50 **CLOSE DOWN.**

Wednesday

12.30 Hongkong Calling. Programme Summary.

12.35 **TRIP GREEN AND HIS ORCHESTRA.**

Down the Mall (Belloni); Exotic (Green); The Cavalry (Green); The Raika (Harcourt); Anchors Awagling (Zimmerman).

1.5 "FROM THE FILMS."

2.00 "FROM THE FILMS."

2.10 **THE HILFARMS (LONDON RELAY).**

2.10 **WEATHER REPORT.**

2.15 Interlude.

2.20 From the Faraday-London Palladium Orchestra.

2.45 **RELAY OF THE 4th CRICKET TEST MATCH: ENGLAND V. WEST INDIES (RECORDED RELAY).**

Hall by Hall Commentary from the Oval.

3.30 "THURSDAY RETURNED." A Programme of Continuous Music arranged by Betty Brown.

3.52 "THE OPERA." "H Trovatore" by Verdi, Act 1.

Duchess Leonora (Soprano), Maria Cerena; Marrietta (Tenor), Aureliano Rocco; Count Cerena (Baritone), Apollo Granforte; Fernando (Bari-tone), Iturro Camarillo; Inez (Coprano), Leonora (Soprano), Olga de Franco with the members of the Chorus, and Orchestra of the Scala, Milan, conducted by Carlo Sabino.

5.00 "A NICE CUP OF TEA."

5.20 A Mystery Play by Anthony Gilbert.

10.50 **JAY WILBUR AND HIS TRAVELING ENSEMBLE.**

Minstrel; The Cavalry; O'Din-nelli; Pizizante - Carlier - Canzonetta; Fiddle Dance (Fletcher).

11.00 **THE OPERA.**

12.00	A. Date with Judy—Introducing songs by Jane Powell and Carmen Miranda with Orchestra; Could I be in love (from "Champagne Waltz")—Only Frank Forest (Vocal); Theme Waltz (from "Dark Secret"—Melachini)—The Chinese Staircase—March of the Time from "Champagne Waltz"—Goslow—Frank Forest; Because (from	12.00	BON RELAY).
12.05	11:15 WEATHER REPORT. 11:16 "GOODNIGHT MUSIC." Drinking Song (Schumann)—Marek Weber and theorch. Drinking Song—Marek Medley—Jack Hyland and His Orchestra with Vocal.	12.10	THE KING.
12.10	11:20 CLOSE DOWN.		

11.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT
AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

12.10 LONDON STUDIO CONCERT.
With the London Orchestra,
conducted by Charles Groves.
The Women of the Guild (Over-
seas).
W. Gladstone, R. S. Whelan.

12.15 STUDIO: ROMAN CATHOLIC
PRAYERS.
Given by the Rev. Father R.
W. Gladstone, R. S. Whelan.

12.30 Hongkong Calling. Programme

DEL	(ture) — Famball (Gibson) Melody: The Perfect Fool—Ballad. 2.00 Close Down.	Summary.
nerli): Gitano Melina —Slow —Paso-	5.58 Hongkong Calling. Programme Summary. 6.00 "THE HOWARD" (LONDON, B.T.A.)	1232 MELODIES FROM BRITISH RADIO. George Crow and His Blue- Mariners Dance Orchestra & Barbara Sumner. You give me Ideas; That's my desire; Caprice for strings; Sophis-

Featuring Michael Howard.
6.30 THREE SONGS BY JOSEF LOCKE.
A Shawl of Galway Grey (Kennedy); When you're in love (O'Connor); When you're in love (O'Connor).
1.00 LATIN AMERICAN MUSIC.
Rumba de Media Noche (Sigler)--

[illegible]

0.11	"SERVICES SPOTLIGHT" (RELAY FROM THE NAAFI CLUB, CHATHAM ROAD).	6.02	CHILDREN'S HALF HOUR: "THE ENCHANTED "TOYTOWN," A Play by S. G. Hulme
0.40	RELAY OF THE 4th CHURCH TEST MATCH: ENGLAND V. AUSTRALIA		

1.00	WEST INDIES (RECORDED RELAY).	6.30	STUDIO: CANTONESE BY RADIO.
1.00	Walt by Hall Commentary From the Oval, London.	6.35	Given by Miss Leo Walsan- and Mr. S. K. Lee.
2.05	Interlude. "Wood Nymphs" Vaisette from "L'Amour et le Malin" Symphony Orchestra.	6.50	DEEP RIVER BOYS (MALE QUARTET WITH PIANO AND DRUMS).
10.00	"FRENCH CABARET."	6.55	Oh Tell Me Gypsy (Pugatch); Cherokee (Ray Noble); Down in the Glen (Chapin).
10.00	"MUSIC LINDING IN THE MARCH" (LONDON RELAY).	7.00	STUDIO: "MUSIC LOVERS' HOUR."
10.00	With Richard Smoother and French Music.	7.05	Classical and Light presented by Yvonne Charter.
11.00	RADIO NEWBERG (LONDON RELAY).	8.00	WORLD NEWS AND NEWS ANALYSIS (LONDON RELAY).
11.15	WEATHER REPORT.	8.15	STUDIO CONCERT.
11.15	"GOODNIGHT MUSIC."	8.20	Elvie Veen (Soprano), with orchestra accompaniment by Betty Brown.
11.30	Entry of the Spring Flowers (Kortney). You Shall be the King of My Heart (Stolz); I kiss your lips (Rudolph); Japanese Lancers Dance (Mori).	8.30	Interlude.
11.30	GOD SAVE THE KING.	8.35	Quartet in C Minor, Op. 40. No. 1 (Chopin); Mazurka in E Minor, Op. 41. No. 1 (Chopin); Piano: Etude in G Flat Major (Black Keys) (Chopin), Op. 10. No. 8.
11.30	CLOSE DOWN.		

Orchestra
Cooper

Friday

Matchless Quiz, 7
8.40 STUDIO: "SERVICES QUIZ."
Introduced by Kenneth Mac-
kenzie.

12.30 Hongkong Calling Programme
Summary.

8.00 "FROM THE EDITORIALS"

Mountain, by the
of the
programme
SELEC-
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ination
Strains;
- (Kaper);
Dreams
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sieux (X)
Audley
ESE BY
Wal-lan-
on Phil-
12.32 "TIME FOR MUSIC" -The
Midland Light Orchestra,
Robert Winter.
A thousand, and one night; Piz-
zicato Playtime; The big wide world;
Herdman's Dance; Cinderella Waltz; Zingara.
1.00 POPULAR HARMONY.
Sentinella Journey (Green)-The
Merry Macs; Red River (The
Crochets)-The Macs Sisters;
Cowboy Camp Meeting (Spencher)-
Sons of the Pioneers;
The Dinning Sisters (Parish)-
The Dinning Sisters; Nice to know
you care (Bagueley)-The Radio Her-
o.
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT
AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 MUSIC AND SONG OF
THE WEEK.
Bless the Bride-Sentinel-Vivian
Ellis at the Piano with the Adolph
L. Scheraga Quartet. I want to be
back in Paris-Georgi Gutsyay,
with Orch.; Streamlining-Sentinel,
with Orch.; The Youth at the
Top-Vocal Gems-Maria D'Attili,
George Tozzi, Brian Hene, Chorus
and Orchestra.
2.00 Close Down.
2.00 "COMPOSER OF THE WEEK"
-JUGO WOLFE.
(a) Der Mensch-eine Schwere
Kugel-erleben -Gerhard Huch,
Marlene Dietrich. (b) In dem Schatten
meiner Glocke-Eine Laube-
Schumann, Soprano. (c) Selon
Sirecht-ich Aus-Gerhard Huch;
Der Mensch-eine Schwere Kugel-
Schumann, Soprano. (d) Serenade
beth Schumann; Italian Serenade-
The Philharmonia Orchestra, conducted
by Walter Susskind.
10.15 LONDON STUDIOS
MELLODES.
The Philharmonia Orchestra

5.00 Hongkong Calling Programme Summary.

A N D ES." Woods. AND	9.02 HALL ROOM; "THE PLAY- ROOM BOOKSHELF". Presented by Elizabeth Ann	Hollywood Paloma: "Soft Lights and Sweet Music".
Hammond	9.36 "TIME FOR MUSIC". BHC Midland Orchestra, A Max Overture; Gilbert Vinter. The Mountains; Scenes from the Imagin- ary Ballet; Roundabout; Ode to Strings.	Without you from "Make Mine Music" (Furios) - Frankie Carlo & Orch; Vocal: Marjorie Hughes; Violins in the Night (Melochrine) - Tony Martin; "Katerina"; Katerina's Gardenias (Myscel) - Tony Martin (Vocal); When did you leave meven (Whitling) - Frances Law- ford (Vocal); Cradle Song (Brahms) - Mantovani and His Orchestra.
net and TORIES"	7.00 "TAKE IT FROM HERE". With Joe Nichols, Dick Den- ley and Jimmy Edwards.	11.00 RADIO NEWSLETTER (LON- DON RELAY).
OF THE	8.00 WOLFE NEWSLETTER NEWS ANALYSIS (LONDON RE- LAY).	11.15 WEATHER REPORT. 11.20 "GOODNIGHT MUSIC". Victor Alvinette's My heart is still in Vienna - Waltz Dubbo-Tango (Meniconi); San Toledo Tango (Waltz) - Waltz Philharmonia Orchestra, Violin (the violin Wilson).
NCE TO HIS RILE any). 4th Ten D V THE	9.13 "BBC BANDSTAND". Fairly Aviation Works Band, conducted by Alan Wright. March or the Flight of An Air Ballroom; Ballet Music "William Tell"; Slavonic Dance; A Handelian Brilliant. 8.45 STUDIO: SPORTS REPORT BY BILL PHILLIPS.	GOD SAVE THE KING. 11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

POLO GETS NEW HORSEPOWER

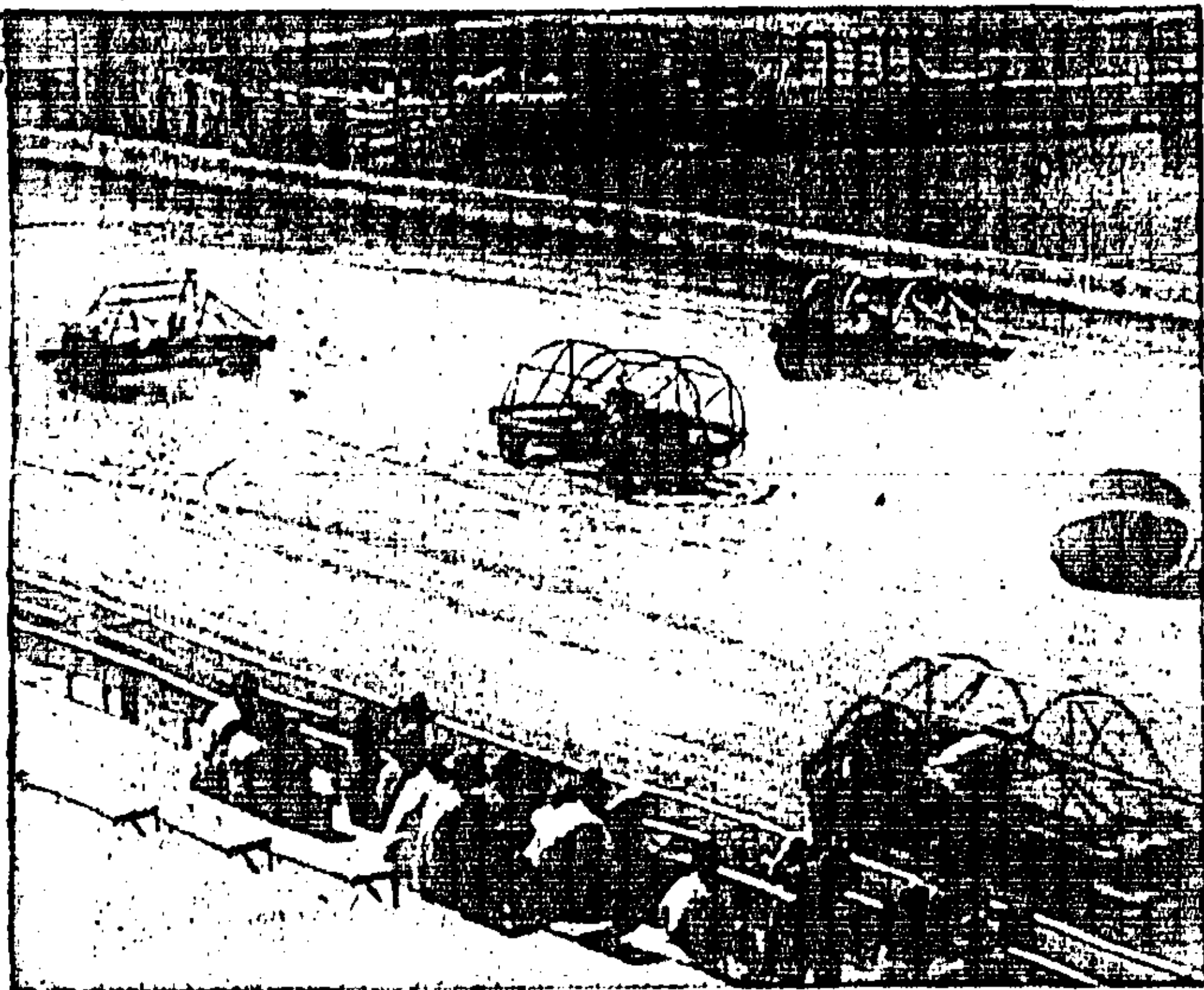
FOR THE FAN seeking new, vicarious thrills in dangerous sports spectacles, a game recently introduced in California may be the answer. Called Moto Polo, it combines some of the most exciting highlights of motor racing, polo and soccer, while possessing a number of spine-tingling innovations of its own.

Two teams, with three odd-looking cars on each side, oppose each other at the opening of the game. These cars are made up of little more than the bare chassis of stock machines. A referee riding in his own car places a huge 117-pound rubber ball, seven

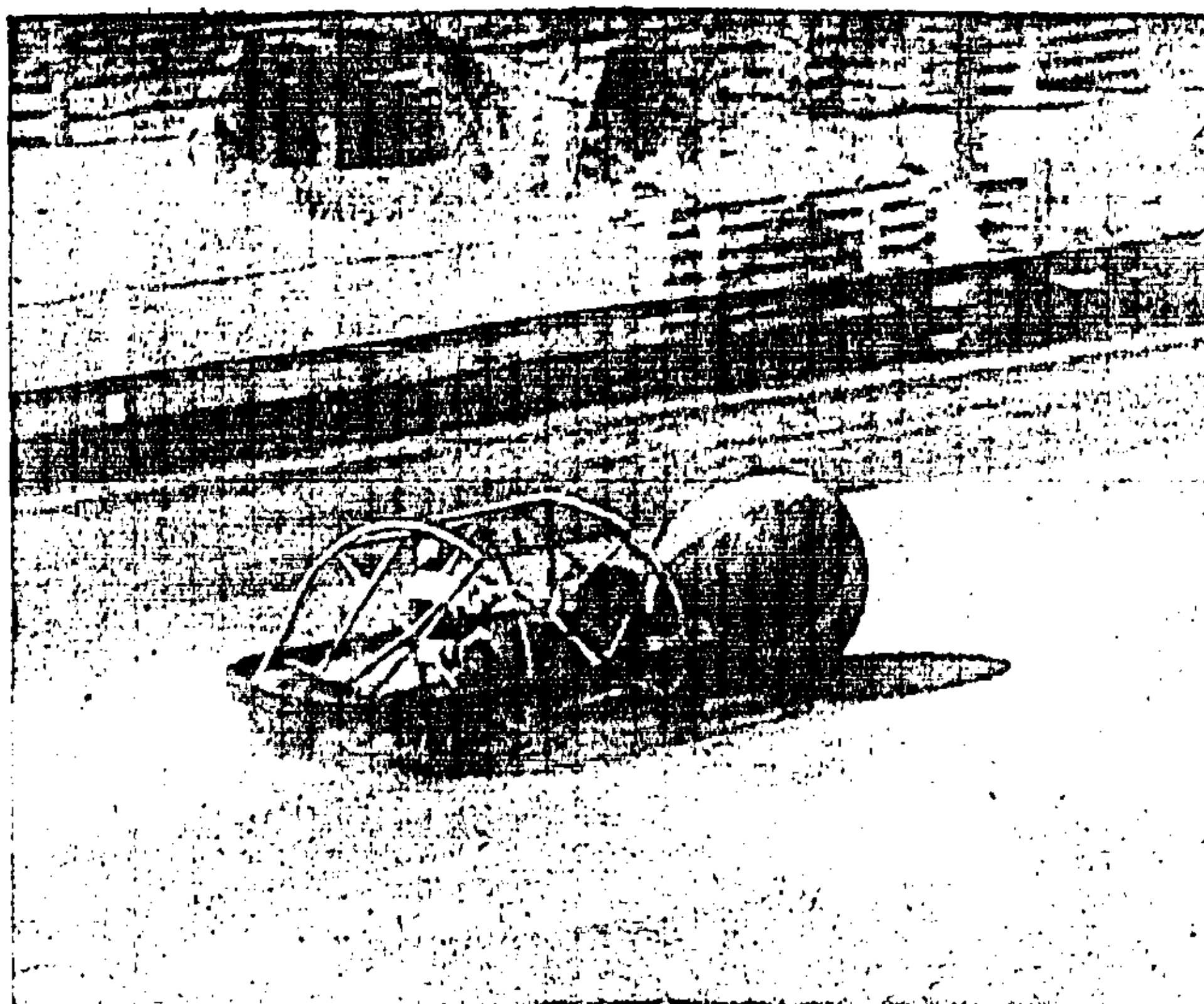
feet in diameter, in the centre of the playing field, blows a whistle—and then the fireworks begin.

The object of the jarring game is to score as many goals as possible by pushing the ball into the end zones. These photos from a newscast show some of the action enjoyed by the spectators.

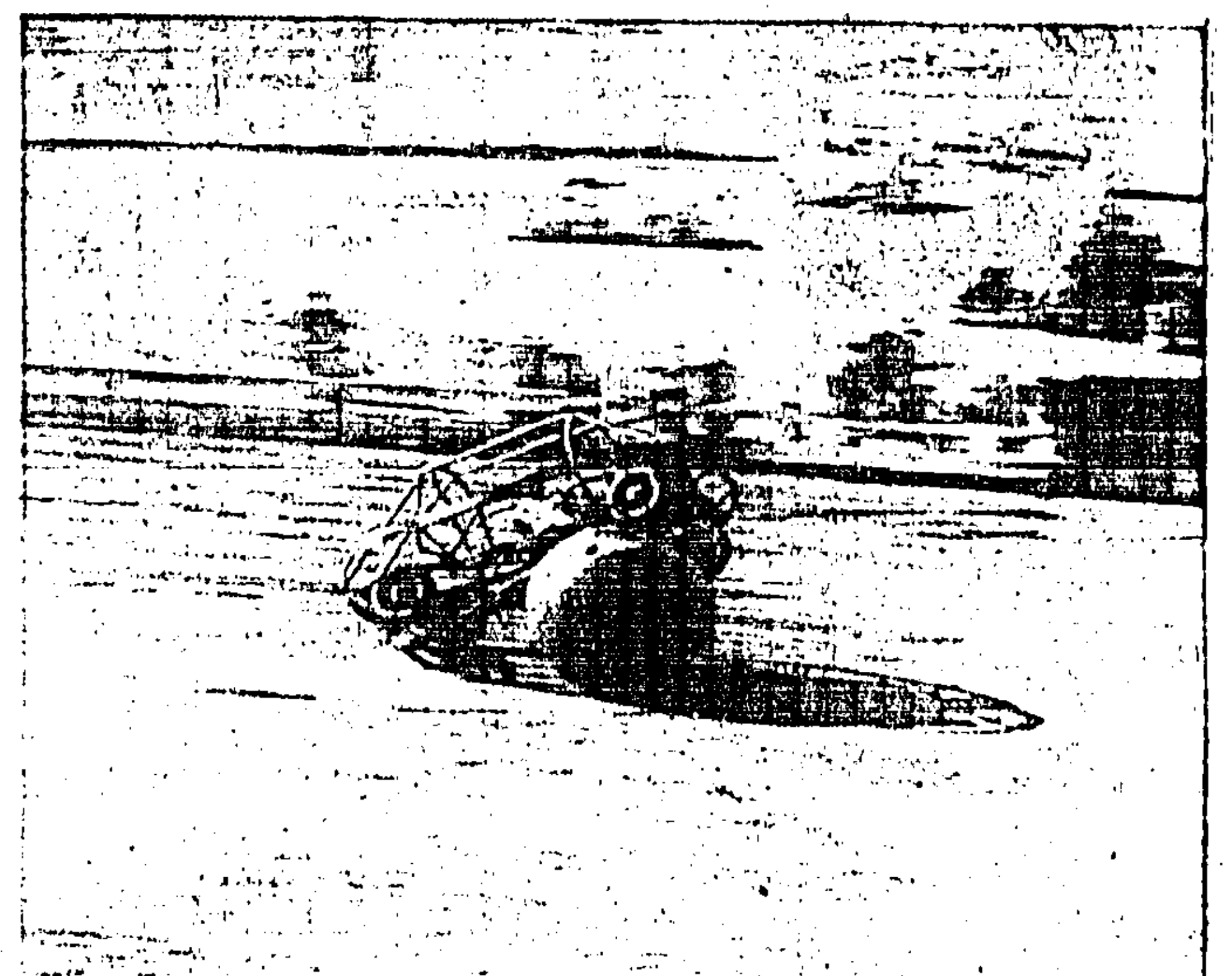
Player-drivers can approach the huge ball only from the side or rear of another car. Should one of the stripped-down vehicles become temporarily disabled, an opposing car is taken out of the contest to even off the teams. In roll-overs drivers are protected by curved metal bars attached to the chassis and by bumpers which encircle each machine.



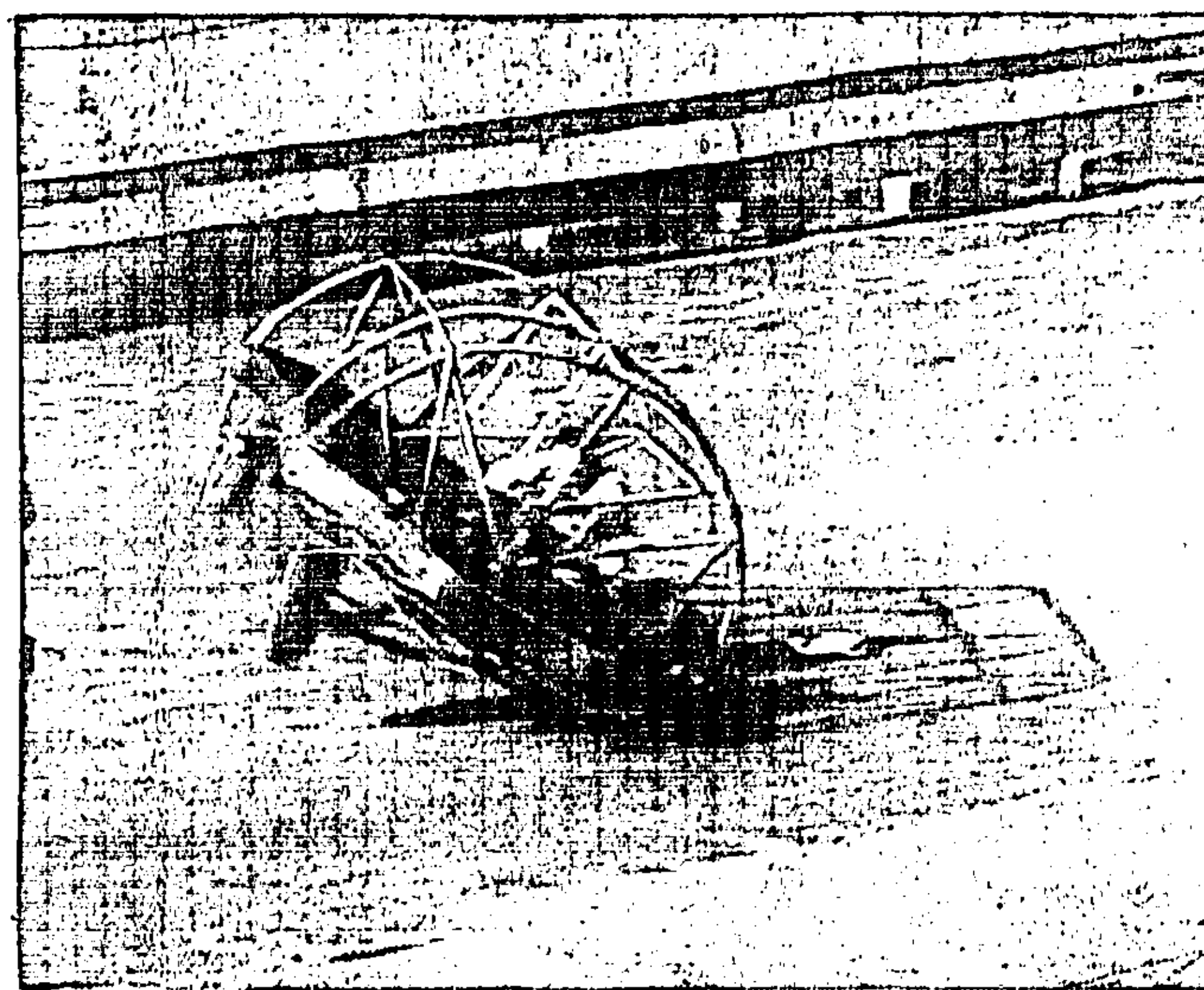
Motors roar and tyres screech as opposing teams jockey for position after a hit.



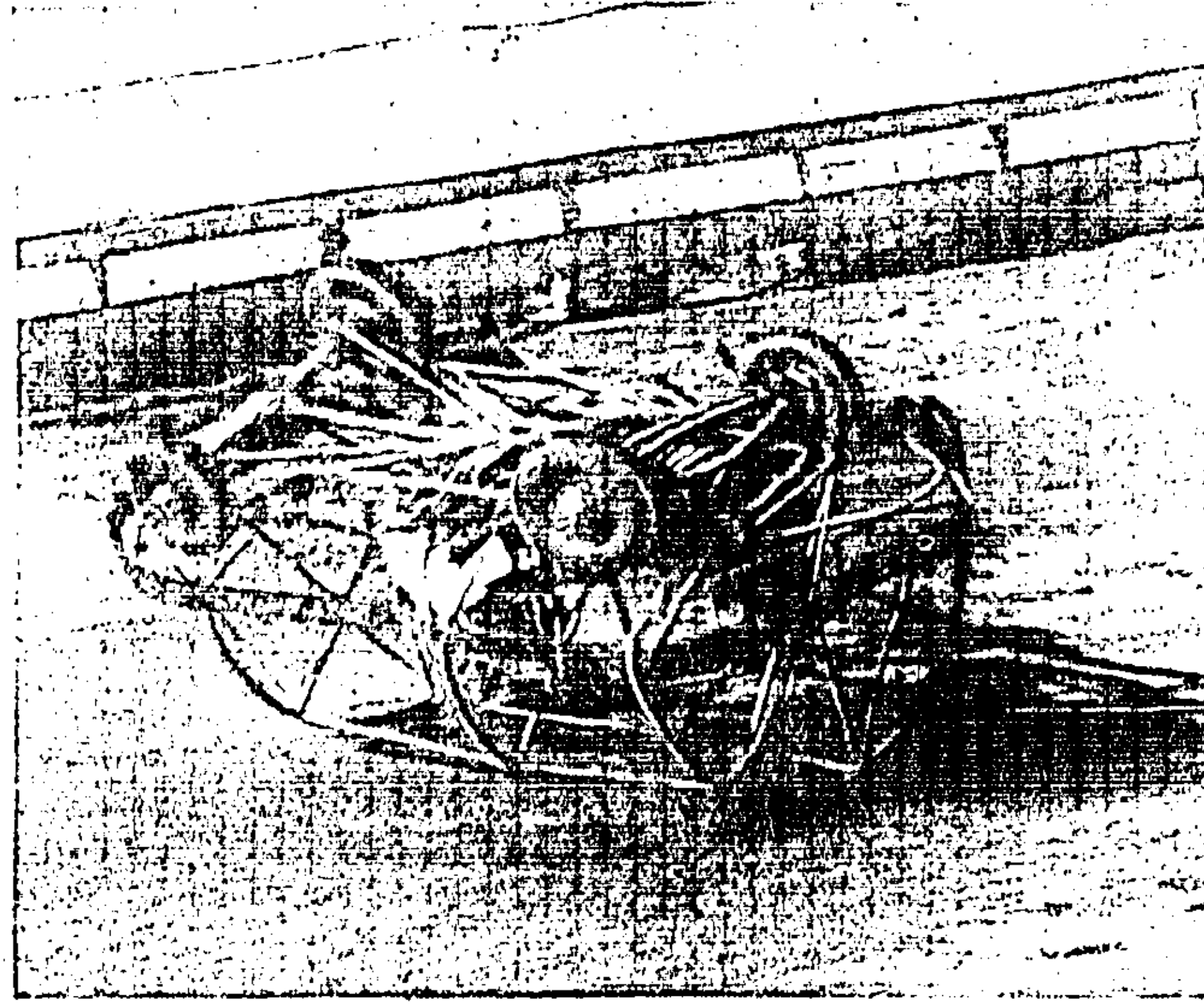
Roaring down the field, hard-riding player smashes head on into the huge ball.



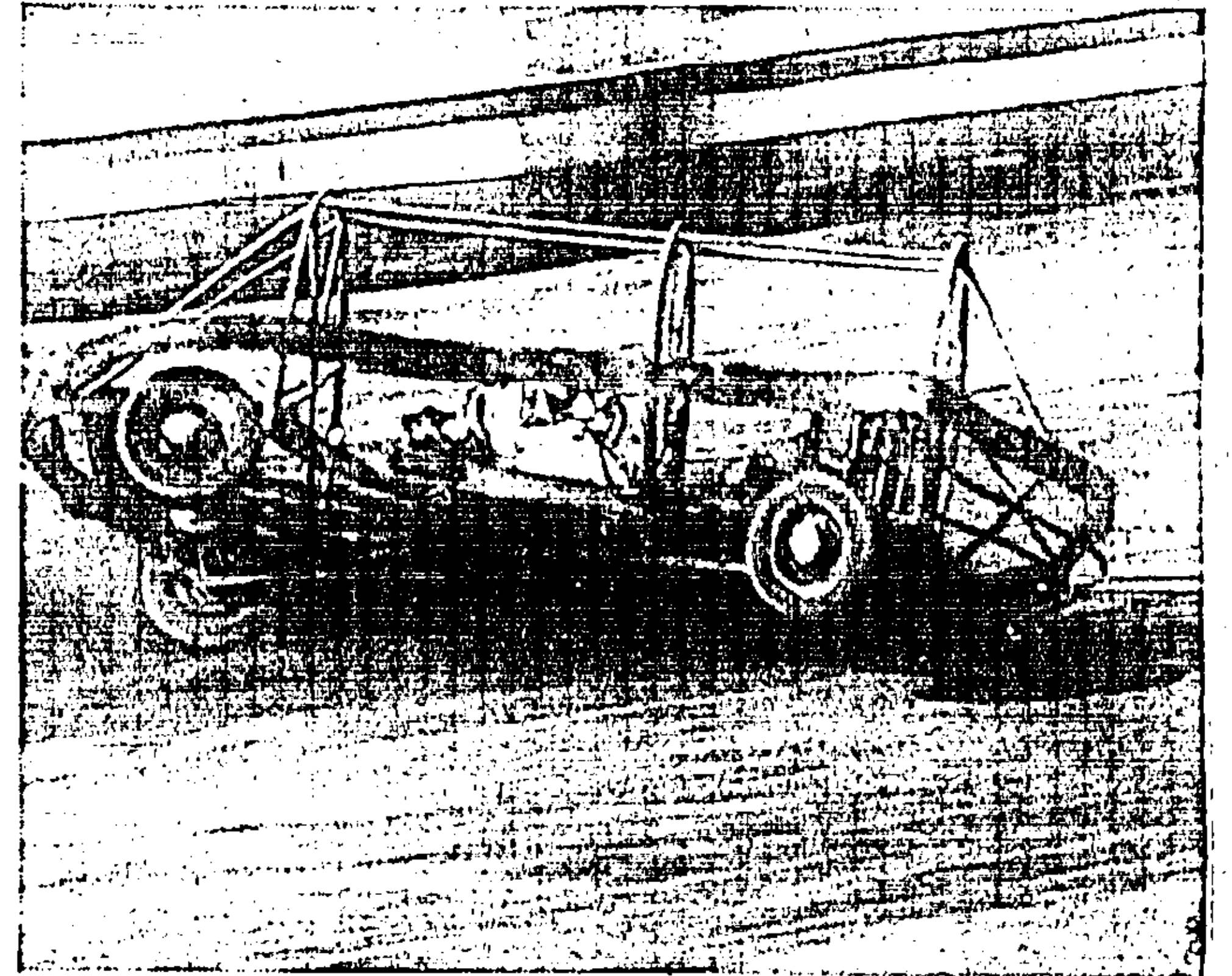
Ramming the ball at high speed, an auto tries to play leap-frog with the sphere.



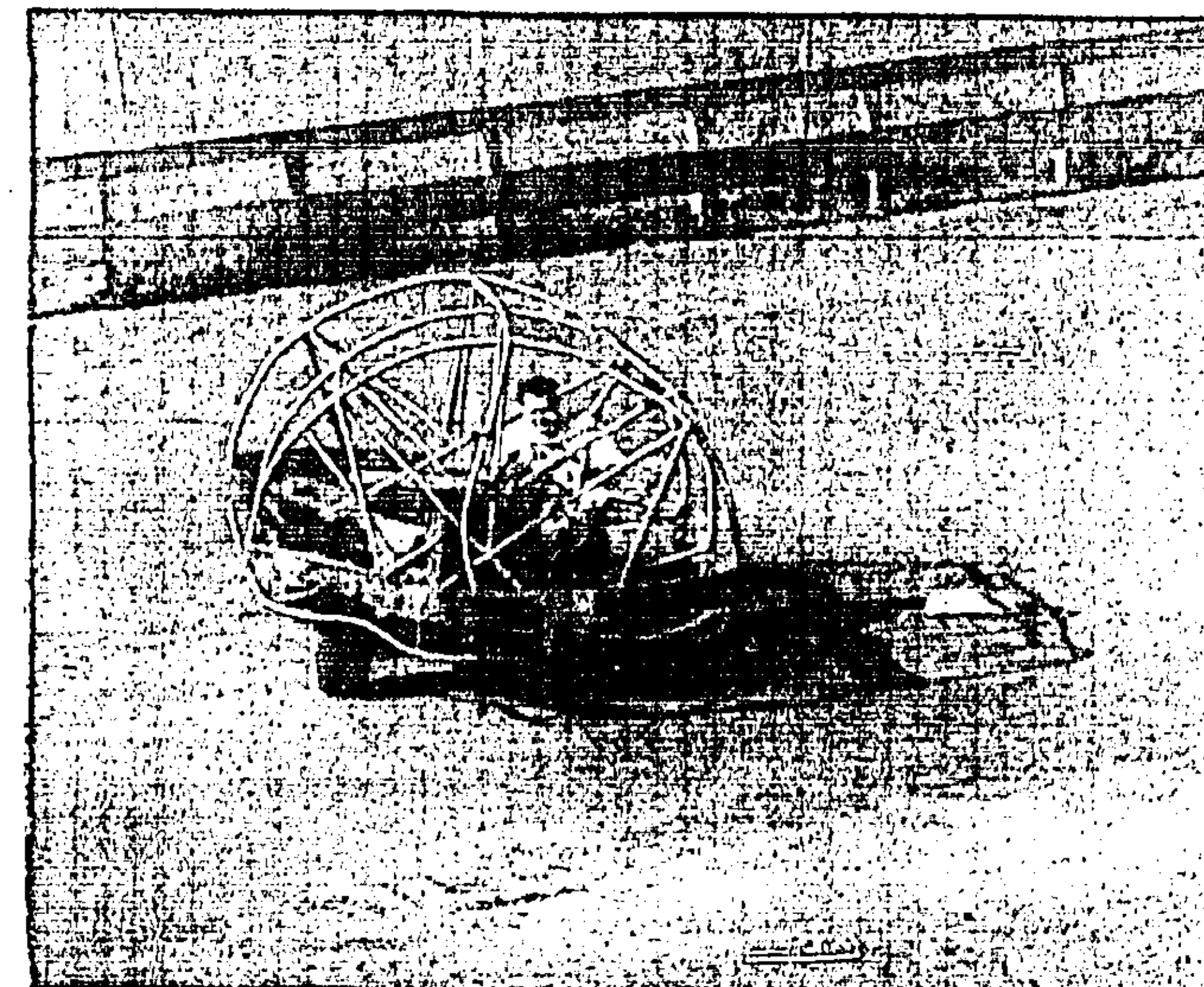
Two wheels leave the track as a player turns too sharply and starts to roll over.



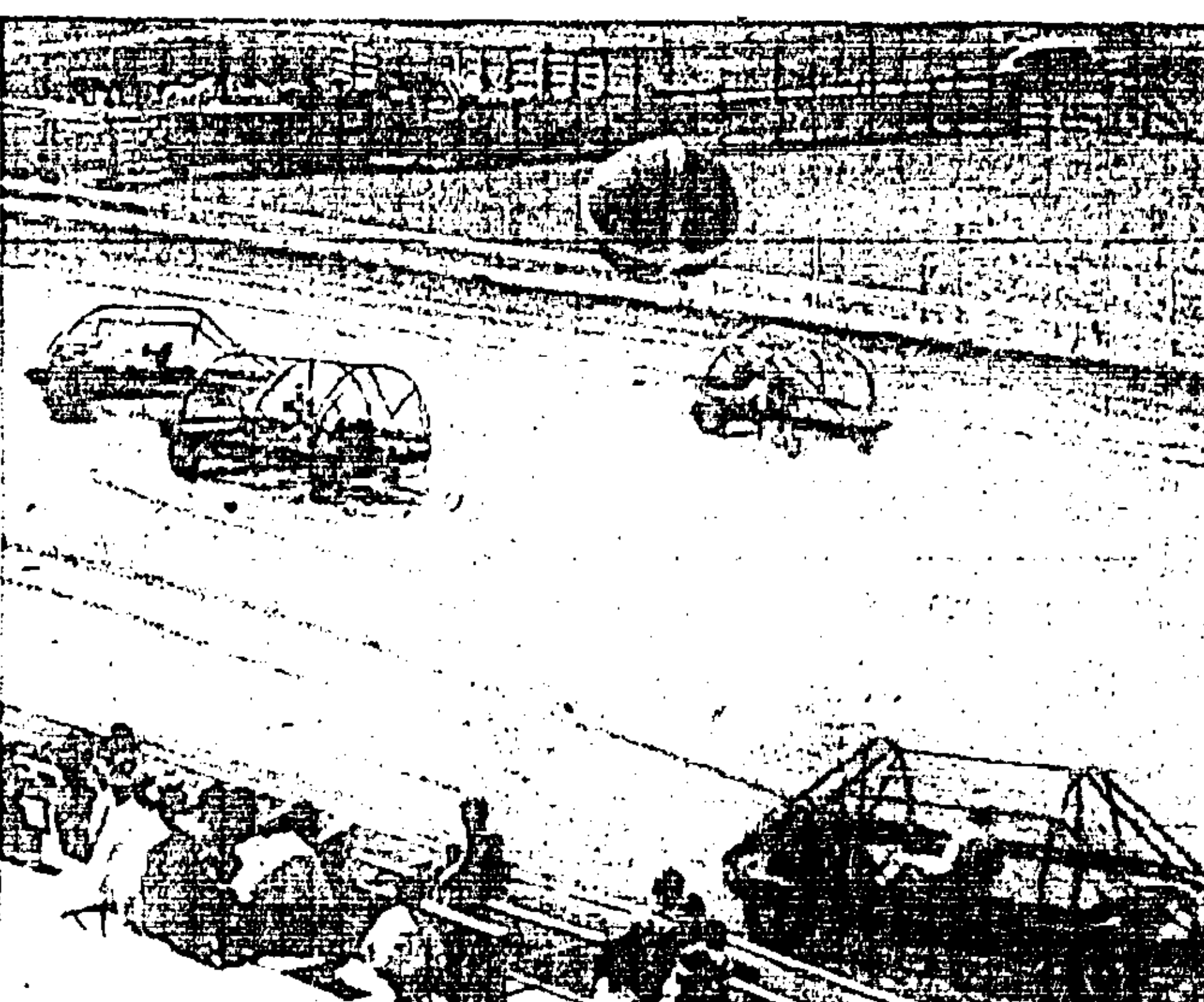
The car turns on its back, with only the steel cage between the driver and death.



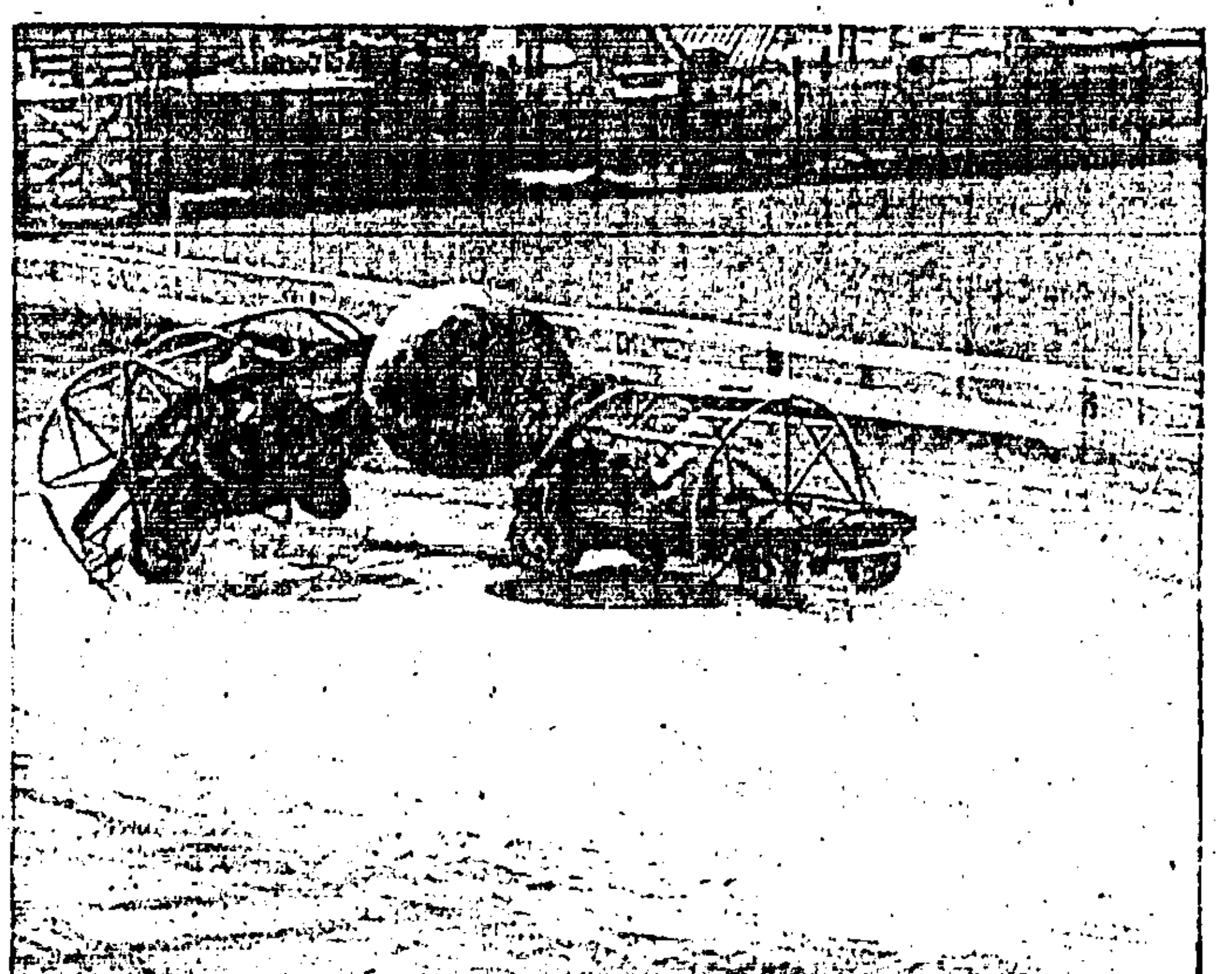
Turning a complete somersault, the machine rights itself with a resounding thud.



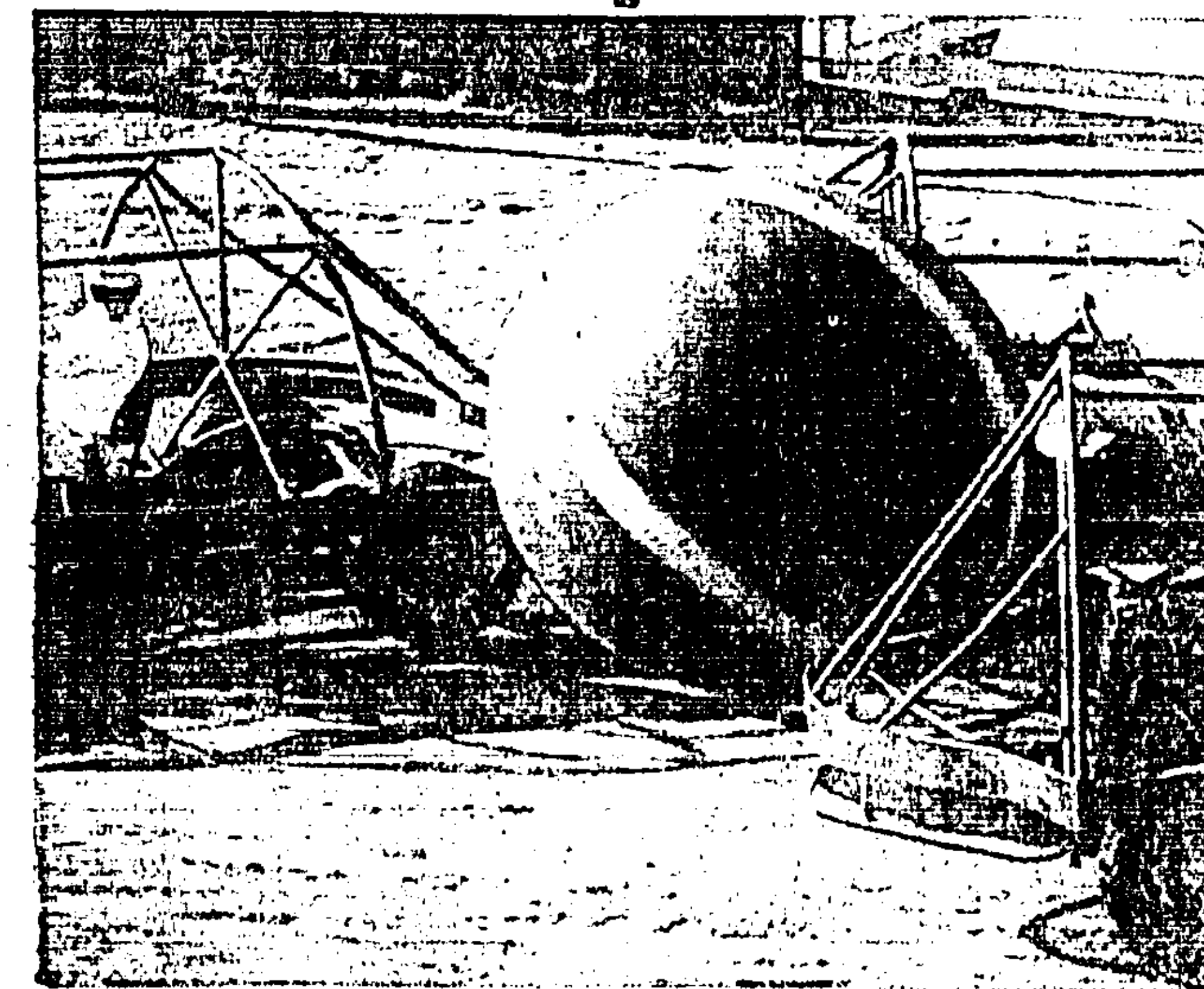
His car undamaged except for bent bar, helmet-less player gets back into game.



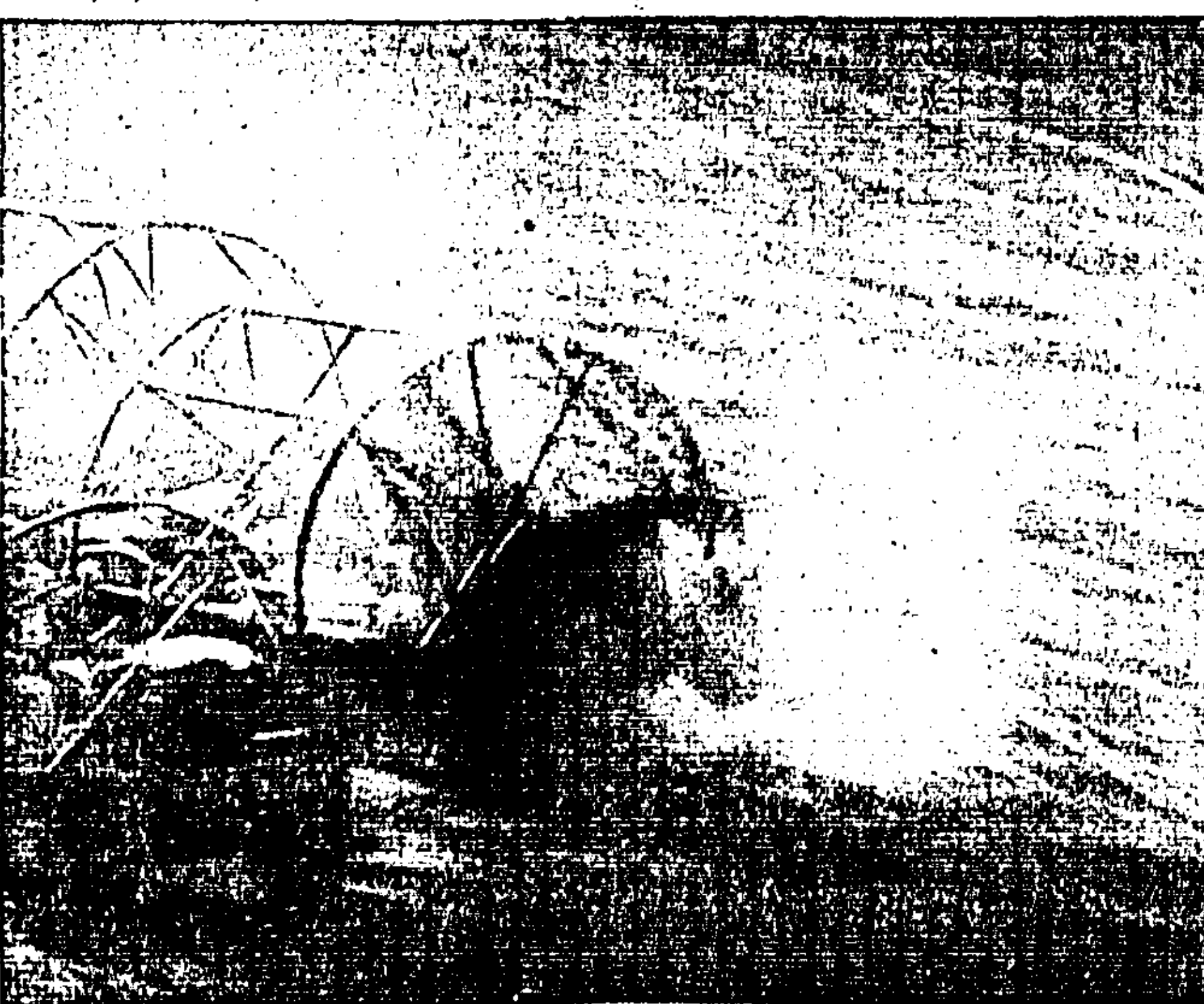
The play develops into a free-for-all as the rubber ball is smacked into the air.



Two players hit the big ball at same time and one of them bounces back hard.



Something's got to give during in-fighting, when three players slam into the ball.



And the rubber ball does, exploding with a loud bang under impact of the cars.



Just a worn-out heap of rubber, the ball rests on the track, ready for scrapping.



COMMENCING TO-DAY
DAILY AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



ADDED ATTRACTION

"A TRIP THROUGH THE SPACE"
ALSO: LATEST PARAMOUNT NEWSREEL:—
La Motta vs. Milti for World Champion — Premiere of
"The Furies" — Horn Marchell Breaks World Records
— Hat Fashions — Combat Report from Korea Front,
Etc.

TO-MORROW
5 SHOWS EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 11.30 A.M.
"ROCKETSHIP X-M"



SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.



5 SHOWS TO-MORROW

Extra Performance 'AMBUSH'
QUEEN'S ALHAMBRA
AT 11.30 A.M. AT 12 NOON

SHOWING TO-DAY MAJESTIC AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.

SUNDAY EXTRA SHOW AT 12.00 NOON



Added Attraction: "PAL'S ADVENTURE"

ADDED! WARNER-PATHE NEWSREEL
FIRST SHOWING IN COLONY!

1. "STAND OR DIE" IN KOREA!
2. U.S. UNVEILS NEW WEAPONS IN KOREA!
3. U.S. JET PLANES ATTACK COMMUNIST TANKS, TRUCKS AND TRAINS!
4. SUPER BAZOOKA IN ACTION!
5. ANTI-LEOPOLD RIOTS IN BELGIUM!

A SEAT IN THE STALLS



PRE-VIEW: Vera-Allen in her new British musical.

Vera-Allen plus £300,000

— IT'S BRITAIN'S FORMULA
TO BREAK HOLLYWOOD'S
'MUSICAL' MONOPOLY, reports

HAROLD CONWAY
in **SHOW TALK**

NOW more than ever, cinema audiences are in a mood to welcome first-class entertainment of a light, enchanting nature. Who is to give it to them? Only Hollywood?

British studios have cut fine dramatic pictures. But too many of their comedy efforts—honourably excepting Sir Michael Balcon's little group at Ealing—induce anguish or blushes.

And so far, we have not been able to touch Hollywood in the best musical entertainment of all—song-and-dance films in colour.

Up at Ealing, where Associated British and Mervyn LeRoy are producing "Happy-Go-Lucky," they think they have hit on the right formula for a made-in-England musical.

DOUBLE BUDGET

That formula consists of bringing over an

American director, Bruce Humphreys (he made "Wonder Boy" for Danny Kaye); two American stars in Vera-Allen and Cesar Romero; an Anglo-Hollywood star in David Niven. And they are spending £300,000 on the production—nearly double the average budget in British studios nowadays.

This new picture hasn't had a chance of being cheap. Hollywood inadvertently saw to that when they let go of Vera-Allen, portrayer of Vera-Allen's latest leading lady.

They—and Fred—want her back so urgently that Ealing is having to work alternate Saturdays and Sundays (at double overtime for a large staff) to pack her home safely by September 20.

NIVEN 'PANIC'

Edinburgh provides the background for "Happy-Go-Lucky." Cesar Romero takes the foreground, as an American producer who brashly gate-crashes the classical Festival atmosphere with a touring revue.

They have given David Niven the role of a wealthy greetings-card manufacturer; and Niven is content to be judged in the character, after a spell of unsuitable—and unfair—casting on both sides of the Atlantic.

That spell came at a time when he seemed on the way to becoming a star in the world-popularity class. What happens at Ealing now is important to his career.

"Though why—after doing what I gathered was satisfactory work for years—there should be a critical panic about my career just because of a few disappointments I don't understand," he says. "I'm not worrying; but, then, I never do."

ROYAL FILM?

This year it is Britain's turn to provide a new production for the Royal Film Performance. What picture will the King and Queen see in November? With so few important ones in the making, the committee look like having the smallest choice ever.

Present talk is that "The Elusive Pimpernel" may be the winner. (It would give David Niven his third Royal show.) Second favourite: "Gone to Earth"—which ranks for British quota though Hollywood's David Selznick provided most of the money and his wife, Jennifer Jones, for the principal role.

In either case, Sir Alexander Korda—whose company presents the pictures—should have the last laugh. Sam Goldwyn held up the "Pimpernel" for over a year, before an American showing, until alterations were made. Selznick unsuccessfully sought an injunction against the showing of "Gone to Earth."

Third possibility—and there are few others—is Britain's first opera-ballet film, "Tales of Hoffman." Korda could still laugh since that is also one of his projects. But, despite high-pressure work by Mollie Shearer and the rest of the big company, "Hoffmann" may not be finished in time.

FOLLOW A STAR

I complained recently that managements were neglecting to follow up initial successes of newcomers to the West End stage. Here is one satisfactory exception to the neglect—Mary Kerridge.

Some months ago, in "Bonaventure," this ex-repertory actress played a young woman journeying to the condemned cell; her personality proved as fresh as it was new. Then she disappeared, as suddenly as she came.

Now the Tennent management have decided to bring Miss Kerridge back. She will play the part of a secretary (and something more) to a scientific administrator in "View Over the Park," which opens a pre-West End run at the Lyric, Hammer-smith, on August 29.

This is a first play by C. P. Snow, one of our leading novelists, who wanted to call it "The Ends of the Earth." The management, however, weren't risking wrong ideas in customers' minds; it is proving difficult enough to entice them inside for anything at the moment.

Film star John McCallum will play the scientist.

LIGHTER LONDON

A high-powered Hollywood team came here not long ago to make a picture showing how melodramatic a place London really is—with Richard Widmark and Gene Tierney as guaranteed Soho types.

Perhaps as an antidote to that place of well-meant silliness, two experienced young British film-makers—Morris Danischewsky (Whisky Chores) and Henry Cornelius (Passport to Pimlico)—are now wandering about London's streets with camera and megaphone. Their idea is to show how funny a place this city really is with a story called "The Galloping Major."

Their hero is a horse—not a very good or lucky horse—bought by a community of suburban Londoners; and the story is about its adventures up to and including the most unusual Grand National in history. Basil Radford (who suggested the idea) stars, along with Jimmy Hanley, Rene Ray, and that non-stop working veteran of 80, A. E. Matthews.

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WALT DISNEY FINDS OUT

How 15 men can crowd on the Dead Man's Chest

When the Walt Disney version of Robert Louis Stevenson's timeless adventure tale comes to town this autumn, countless children will be chanting that "Yo-Ho-Ho and a Bottle of Rum" song, and myriads of picture-goers, old and young, will be asking how could 15 men crowd on "The Dead Man's Chest?"

Research in connection with the Disney picture unearthed some interesting history about the famous chant and its legendary origin in the wake of pirate raid and battle with the gold ships on the Spanish Main. To all but a few, this evidence will be new, answering the puzzle.

The poem-song from which Stevenson takes his quaint beginning, "Fifteen men on the dead man's chest, Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum" was variously titled, "Dead Man's Song," "Buccaneer" and "Derelict," according to researchers.

PIRATES' GRAVEYARD

"The Dead Man's Chest" referred to a dangerous sunken reef in the Antipodes, not to any sailor gear chest, according to old maritime tales. The reef was the graveyard of many a pirate and his quarry, including the "fifteen" whose fate was sung by a surviving bos'n's mate after a terrible battle between two buccaneer factions on the same ship.

Stevenson got his reference from Charles Kingsley's travel book, "At Last," published in 1871, the researchers say.

Stevenson's "Treasure Island" was first printed in 1883 as a book, then called "The Sea Cook." The extended sea chant we now see in print under the title "Derelict" (A Reminis-



cence of "Treasure Island" was composed by Young Ewing Allison in 1901, over 18 years after Stevenson's novel appeared.

CHICKEN FEED

For the first publication of the world's most widely read novel, "Treasure Island," the author, Robert Louis Stevenson, received approximately \$300 in British pounds.

Compared to the returns on modern best sellers that was chicken feed. But Stevenson was as thrilled with the sale of his first book as any young author who smells the printers' ink of his initial time.

Walt Disney's all-live action, Technicolor version of the famous adventure tale revives interest in the story which

launched Stevenson's writing career and how it was valued in the trade some 70 years ago. The movie will cost nearly \$2,000,000.

Previous to the appearance of "Treasure Island" in book form, the tale appeared as a serial in a rather obscure magazine for which Stevenson had received very little. Its magazine title was "The Sea Cook."

He had written some short stories and essays prior to 1881 and had been patted on the back for them as a competent craftsman.

"Yet," he said, looking back at them some years later, "I could not earn a livelihood." At that time he was 31 years old, living in Braemar, Scotland, within sound of the sea.

In 1883 he got the "remarkable offer of 100 pounds from Cassell's" in advance of royalties for the book rights.

"A hundred pounds, all alive!" he wrote his parents in exultation. "A hundred jingling, tinkling, golden minted quid, isn't that wonderful? It does look as if I should support myself without trouble in future. It is dreadful to be a great big man and not able to buy bread." ("Treasure Island" has been for me a Treasure Island verily.)

The book, librarians estimate, has been read by 200,000,000 people.

TO PLAY EVA BRAUN



Off to Vienna to play the part of Eva Braun, Hitler's mistress, in a film called "Magic Face" is Patricia Knight, pretty honey blonde wife of actor Cornel Wilde.

With her at London Airport was her husband who will spend his two weeks holiday with her while she is filming and then return to England to fulfil commitments.—Express.

WEEK-END SCREEN FARE

Francis (KING'S) is about a talking mule and is about the pick of a varied week-end film entertainment. The mule went to the war and was in the Burma campaign. With a sufficient number of Burma veterans in the Colony, the film should be more than popular.

Rocketship X-M (LEE) is the first film since "Just Imagine" on inter-planetary travel and is a more serious attempt on the subject. This time the crew start out for the Moon, lose control of their rocket and land on Mars. The film deserves the public both for its unusual subject and its excellent photography.

Ambush (QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA) brings us Robert Taylor in a Western. There are lots of Apaches.

The Song of Rainy Nights (ROXY) is a Chinese film in Mandarin dialogue starring the noted Miss Pai Kwang.



COMMENCING TO-DAY

4 SHOWS
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

5 SHOWS
AT 12.30, 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

FAR EAST PICTURES PRESENTS



THE SONG OF RAINY NIGHTS

IN MANDARIN DIALOGUE

STARRING

MISS PAI KWANG

with LAN YING-YING • YIAN HWA

ON THE
STAGE

MISS

PAI KWANG

IN PERSON
SINGING HER FAVOURITE
SONGS

NO INCREASE IN ADMISSION PRICES
COMPLIMENTARY TICKETS ARE NOT AVAILABLE

TO-MORROW MORNING EXTRA SHOW

ROXY LIBERTY
AT 12.00 NOON AT 12.30 P.M.

"THE SONG OF RAINY NIGHTS"
ON THE STAGE MISS PAI KWANG IN PERSON

SHOWING TO-DAY KING'S AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.

EXTRA PERFORMANCE TO-MORROW
AT 11.30 A.M.



ADDED: Latest Universal-International Newsreel



Take Any Eastern Tram Car or Happy Valley Bus

HELD OVER FOR ANOTHER DAY BY SPECIAL REQUEST!

TO-DAY ONLY: 2.30—5.30—7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

A Great Comedy with more Fun and Laughs than you have expected! Music! Songs! Romance!



COMMENCING TO-MORROW: "AWFUL TRUTH"
Chinese Picture in Mandarin Dialogue

SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30
BUD & LOU in "PARDON MY SARONG!"

Frank Owen Out here we fire at nightlights

...CAMPS OUT
WITH THE MEN
WHO CAPTURE
BANDITS. THINK
ARSENAL AND
TALK TIGERS...

SINGAPORE. ABOUT four-thirty—when you are putting the tea kettle on—the patrol batted. They were 13 men with their young officer, runners of the 26th Field Regiment, R.A., turned into infantry for this job. Since late noon they had been marching—or rather clambering—over dead trees and living bramble up a 1,000 ft. jungle hill. Their green jackets were dark with sweat.

"We'll sleep here," said Lieutenant Stephenson. The jungle path went steeply down just here between two moss-haunted boulders, and the sound of running water came on like music. The spur with the stream at its foot was a perfect patch for a camp. With a burn-rigger posted on the path at either end, the rest of the lad set about the jungle. They used Gurkha kukris and Malay parangs (both formidable knives).

Camp-making

SWIFTLY they hacked a clearing, say 12 yards square, out of the undergrowth. They cut and planted stakes, lashed a framework of others to them with creepers, and draped tarp-pieces for roof and floor, making a first-rate basha. While this house was being going on, a couple more went down to the water. Like the others, their tongues were hanging out, and they hung them in that crystal stream. They scooped a pool in the shining sand under the sunlit ferns and stuck their heads in.

Now the camp was made, and packed. In the tents (with your personal kit of cap, jersey, towel, mess tin, etc., you carry your share of the ration, your rifle, 50 rounds of ammunition, a 10th. load). Weapons were packed near still.

A fine log fire was blazing, and it was feature in the jungle. It was still sweetening enough for most of the soldiers to drink their brew stripped to the belt, as they had been since they threw down their packs, but they stood or merely squatted to do it.

It was not yet time to lie around and smoke and yarn. Guard posts had to be sited for the night—a different job from the day's sentries detailed; radio touch established with headquarters; more firewood piled.

Fireflies

BUT already night was creeping along the floor of the vast sea of the jungle—though beyond the tree mass, 200 ft. away, you could see glimpses of a hard, blue sky in which a sun still burned. Then men began to pull on their jerseys. As daylight died

the lamps of night were lit—first, the myriad fireflies, twinkling all around. Nobody moves in the jungle by night unless he is upon some business, and if he moves through that tangled garden he had better take a lamp. Therefore lamp-light is dangerous, and you fire at it. But as the huge high wall of the dense foliage closes in—30 yards is good visibility in daytime—you see those firefly lights everywhere, and you think they are lamps.

But there is a real light moving ten yards away. Yes, there, it is the clear end of the first sentry as he comes off duty.

Great Company

NOW chose. It comes out of the tin, but it's good. And as this British soldier (their average age was 21½) lay around the fire, the company was great.

One the German caught. (He was the clerk to. Another was an umbrella. One had killed a bandit. Another thought the night would be boring, though lately he had seen a

Two were anxious about Arsenal, and in a full quietness under the big tree said: "I still think he should have asked her."

Now night really came. Did anybody say "silent night"? The most whispering, screaming, barking, howling uproar any zoo neighbour ever experienced. Why not? They are all here in the jungle. It starts with the grasshoppers, crickets, and the cicadas; then the dove-bombing mosquitoes come in with a bang, the frogs croak, and there's a bird that makes all night, "chik-chik-chik-chik," and another that demands "wok wok," and answers himself "wok wok."

Moonlight

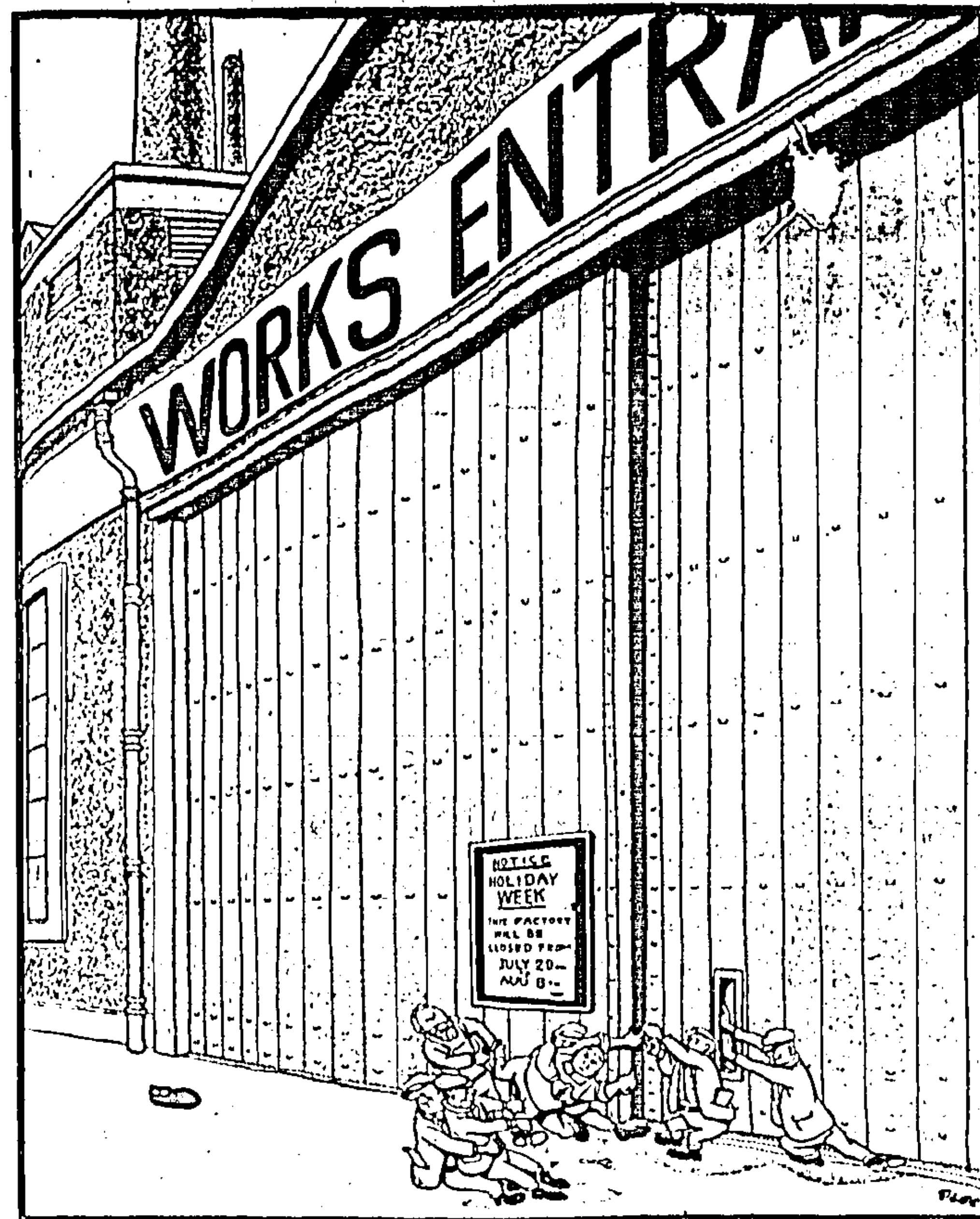
THE programme changes, but it is never dull. It was not now.

And the setting was exquisite. Though the moon could hardly pierce the canopy of the trees, enough shone through to make the leaves look like black lace against the sky.

It lit, too, the lowering wall of the jungle, beyond our stream, catching the gleam of millions of phosphorescent leaves and insects. It made the slim, tall tree right at our feet look like a huge hanging snake of silver.

About nine o'clock we fell asleep. About midnight earth fell gently on our faces from the nests above. At four the rain came, and by stand-to at six we lay in pools—cursing.

(London Express Service)



"But I don't WANT a holiday with pay—I want to stay and help speed production" London Express Service

How Do You Estimate What a Woman's Worth?

By EVELYN VAUGHAN

A CHORUS girl who sustained a fractured elbow when hit by a heavy piece of pantomime scenery was awarded £2,400 damages. A pretty girl who was scalped when her hair caught in some machinery was awarded £7,500.

These are two recent cases in the British law-courts—cases that pose a fascinating problem. What's a woman worth? If her crowning glory is set at £7,500 if the underwriters of Lloyd's of London agree to insure a dancer's bust at £12,500—as one firm did recently at 5s. per £300 worth, in the case of Evelyn West, California's hubbub-hubba girl—what is the true and intrinsic value of those shapely bundles of flesh, nerves and sweetness—our wives and sweethearts?

The question is full of pitfalls. Back in the year 1862, a man led his wife into the old market place in the village of Aylesford, Kent, with a halter around her neck and sold her for half-a-crown—the last recorded case of a wife at auction in Britain.

Largest award

IN San Francisco recently, a dress designer claimed that her body had been disfigured by a plastic surgeon's operation. Seeking his services to have neck wrinkles removed, she alleged that he had talked her into having excess flesh taken off her abdomen. The District Court of Appeals fixed the sum at \$28,750. Yet in England, a once-beautiful Maltese woman received £16,450 for road injuries, which the judge declared, left her with no face at all, despite miraculous plastic surgery. This was the largest award ever made to a woman in such an action.

Lips, eyes, limbs, loveliness, every part of a woman has long since been assessed in the exacting yet equitable cold commerce of the law. An unmarried woman's left leg has been valued in law at £700, her right at £750. The value of a married woman's left leg, however, was once set at only £300. These figures seem low against the £5,461 awarded by a judge to a girl who lost her leg after a road-traffic accident. But other factors had to be finely weighed in the scales of justice.

Loss of services

"NEVER again to play first-class tennis, to wear a brief swimsuit, to sun-bathe, these losses to a girl of 25, her matrimonial prospects sorely diminished..." In the judge's own words these considerations had their value.

Should one compare them with the £35,000 awarded in New York to a negro who lost an arm and a leg under a subway train? In the case of a Manchester woman who lost both legs after being knocked down by a railway

engine, her husband was awarded £5,000 for the loss of his wife's services while the woman herself—an ex-nurse—gained £20,000.

Obviously these are legal riddles on which Anglo-American viewpoints differ. Another Manchester woman was once quietly playing cards with her husband when a runaway lorry crashed into the room. Subsequently she developed an incurable aversion to her husband, and could not bear the sight of him. Compensation for her wrecked married life was assessed at £1,000. A Chicago woman once brought a very similar action after injury in a lift crash, but compensation was fixed at only £10.

Publicity value

INSURANCES, too, have their own set of values. Belle Davis once insured her "slimness" for £10,000. Rita Hayworth's legs were rated at £50,000. A Shirdon once discounted this for its publicity value? When Olivia de Havilland found that Ray Milland was to take a look at her jaw in a picture, she protected it to the tune of £25,000. Most studios even cover their stars with maternity policies.

But what is the value of a woman's chastity? Though Lloyd's have apparently never been called upon to insure a woman's good name, High Court judges must face the poser.

Back in Grandmann's overdressed, full-skirted day a young man trifled with a girl's affections at great risk. Many years ago an actress appearing in a show called "The Gad Eye" brought a breach of promise action against a British peer and was awarded the record sum of £50,000. Sighting a young woman by "breach of promise" is less costly in England nowadays, and £250 represents a typical claim. Yet the answer to our question is best found in the damages of British divorce actions. The bewigged and learned judges are seldom dumfounded.

Not furniture

INDEED, the law which obliges judges to value a faithless spouse in L.S.D. is reminiscent of the bargaining niceties to be encountered in the marriage markets of tropical Africa.

Said Mr Justice Swift on one occasion: "A wife is not a piece of furniture. You can't value her like a piece of furniture at so much a leg." Nevertheless, Derby divorce court not long ago Judge R. A. Willis bluntly set the value of "a respectable, attractive and efficient wife" at £200. In another case the same judge found that damages be-

How great is OLIVIER?

"The greatest theatrical figure of his time," say some Americans. In Britain they hail him as First Actor in the land. Olivier has just left London's West End for Hollywood. And now . . . ?

MILTON SHULMAN

analyses the man who looks for new worlds to conquer.



THERE are at least three clearly recognisable Laurence Oliviers. There is Sir Laurence Olivier, actor-manager of the St James's Theatre, former director of the Old Vic, theatrical ambassador to the Antipodes. When he appears in any of these formal roles—he is on a public platform, the stage or in a foreign Embassy—he is a masterpiece of majestic inflection, studied reserve and unfaltering dignity.

There is Laurence Olivier, the actor, absorbed with almost extravagant energy in the creation of a part—tirelessly shaping, moulding, chipping, polishing it until the man is submerged in the character.

And then there is Larry, the vibrant and genial host, amiable and uninhibited as he and his beautiful wife, Vivien Leigh, hold court for their friends in a whirlwind atmosphere of good talk, better wines, spiky anecdotes.

TOUR TRIUMPHS

WHETHER or not he is the best actor will be vigorously disputed by those who support John Gielgud's claim to this accolade. But nobody can deny that his recent achievements have been a foremost factor in raising the prestige of the British theatre, both at home and abroad.

As an actor, his sardonically evil Richard III has been recognised as one of the major performances of the English stage. As a cultural envoy, he has taken the Old Vic in triumphant tours to Paris, New York, Australia and New Zealand.

As a film-maker, his Henry V and Hamlet not only made the world conscious of British pictures, but proved that the cinema could be more than just a noisy background for the chewing of gum.

As an actor-manager, he has not only displayed his shrewdness as a judge of plays, but his production of "Born Yesterday," "Daphne Laureola," and "Venus Observed" were highly successful at the box office as well.

Although far from garrulous, Sir Laurence as Orlando in the Elstree production of "As You Like It," easily and convincingly.

He carries himself with a quiet, unobtrusive charm which can take a first-night in its stride and calm the nerves of the most jittery of his company. He seldom loses his temper, laughs readily, and can swear like a trooper.

Yet if this gentle exterior conceals the abundance of energy within, there is a pent-up look about the eyes and the firm set of the mouth that reveals its existence.

Not only does he set each night, manage the affairs of the St James's and direct new productions, study potential film scripts, read dozens of new plays, but sits on committees for Equity, the new National Theatre Building, the 1951 Festival, and various charitable organisations. "And then one has to get one's hair cut," he added.

There is no suggestion of the theatre in any branch of Olivier's family tree. He was born in Dorking, Surrey, in 1907, the son of a clergyman.

At 17 he enrolled at the Central School of Dramatic Art, and two years later he joined the Birmingham Repertory Company under Sir Barry Jackson. Although he made no great impression on London when he made his first important appearance in 1928 in Tommynson's "Harold," managements and critics took note of this handsome, aggressive actor.

ROMANTIC AGE

THE early thirties might well be described as Olivier's romantic period. His good looks and charm made him an excellent matinee idol material, and he was kept steadily employed in plays like "Paris Bound," "Theatre Royal," "Queen of Scots," and "Private Lives."

In 1937 he decided that he had to master the classical English plays, particularly Shakespeare. "Shakespeare is the big stuff for an English actor," he explained. "Like Wagner to a German, and Verdi to an Italian."

For two seasons he turned down films and West End parts to earn about £20 a week in a self-imposed apprenticeship at Old Vic.

At 33, being too old to be trained as a pilot in the RAF, he took private flying lessons and accumulated some 200 hours' flying time. This enabled him to join the Fleet Air Arm as a pilot early in 1941.

The emergence of the real artist in Olivier was no mere accident of age or spontaneous flowering of experience. Hard work has given him the chameleon-like ability to appear, with utter conviction, as the tragic Oedipus of Sophocles and the ridiculous Puff of Sheridan in the same evening.

Patience practice has made his voice so mellow he could read a Yugoslavian telephone directory and still enchant an audience.

When directing, he does not impose his interpretation of a part on an actor. He feels that a director should help good actors help themselves.

And he enjoys directing even more than acting. "It seems to be more creative," he said. Olivier has already shown that he does not intend to win easy laurels at the St James's. He means to encourage playwrights as well as actors.

Despite the contribution he has made to films—he is off again to Hollywood to make "Sister Carrie"—the stage remains Olivier's first love. At the St James's his policy will be to cast both modern and classical plays, and to have either himself or his wife, Vivien Leigh, act in most of them.

'EXHAUSTING'

OLIVIER reads four or five new plays a week and finds it an exhausting business. "I have practically given up looking for a play," he said, "because I am so satisfied with content alone. I think audiences are a prepared to see good acting even in a bad play."

This is a thesis he has yet to prove. The fate of his productions of "The Taming of the Shrew" and "A Man for All Seasons" was not enthusiastically received in the provinces, and "Fading Mansions," which folded after a short run, would seem to contradict him.

Oliver is not convinced that plays about contemporary problems are a good thing for the theatre. He claims that they tend to be dull or depressing. "All plays should have a beginning, a middle and an end," he said. "Plays about contemporary problems have no end."

His attitude towards critics cannot be described as grudgingly tolerant and coldly polite. "But you shouldn't ask an actor to discuss critics," he said.

HIS RIVALS

It is too early yet to rank what, if any, lasting mark Oliver will leave on the theatre of his day. It is due as much to his extraordinary energy as to his talent that he has accomplished so much in so short a period.

But when time has drained away much of this energy, what then? As an actor, Oliver is still being justified for exclusive possession of the summit by some formidable contenders.

As a theatrical producer he has been successful, and impressive without being original or significant. In this field it has been to the art of the cinema alone that he has so far brought something fresh and important.

It thus remains to be seen whether or not his intellectual capacity can sustain the momentum of his youthful energy.

There is also the danger that his present Olympian perch may insulate him from the contacts every artist must maintain if he is to remain in touch with the needs and demands of his public.

And it may be some evidence of an increasing reluctance to experiment that Olivier now finds it difficult to discover new words to conquer. He can talk of no particular role he is keenly anxious to play.

"I have done everything but desire to go into blackface and have the stage stolen from me by some young and brilliant actor," he said. This is language every actor can understand.

But this is just the kind of challenge his admirers would want him to accept. For it would have to be a most extraordinary role which could make them forget Laurence Olivier. (World Copyright Reserved—London Express Service.)

HE COLLECTED BEARS

THERE'S a beggar in New York with a new sales approach: "Can you please, mister, spare the price of a teddy bear for my sick little daughter?"

It so happens that this pan-handler hasn't got a sick little daughter, but that doesn't mean you have to turn him down if you meet up with him. His story is in hearts-and-flowers stuff, and I'll tell it to you as it was told to me the other night.

A few days before Easter, said my friend, "I was standing in front of a toy shop on Fifth Avenue when a seedy-looking guy tapped me on the arm and asked if I could spare the price of a teddy bear. When I told him to quit his kidding, he explained he wanted it for his sick little girl, and that if I didn't think he was on the up-and-up he'd write his name and address on a piece of paper and I could have it delivered."

"Well, Alled with the old Easter spirit, I walked into the shop and picked out a five-dollar bear, but when I handed the slip to the girl who waited on me she gave me a funny look and said I was the third

By BILLY ROSE

person that afternoon who'd ordered one to be sent to that address.

"It smelled like a good human interest yarn, and so I had her wrap up the toy and set out to deliver it myself. It was a flat in a walk-up tenement in the 50's near Tenth Avenue, and the door was opened by a woman who looked as if she could use a little sleep.

"'What you got there?' she said, 'another teddy bear?' 'How'd you know?' I asked. 'I've been getting two or three every afternoon for a month,' she said. 'Where'd you run into Tim?'

"Tim, it turned out, was her husband and he had been missing for several weeks. Things hadn't been going well with them for quite some time, and when his unemployment insurance ran out last March the going got real tough. Then, to make things still worse, their three-year-old daughter, Peggy, had taken sick and the doctors at the clinic couldn't seem to do much for her.

"The teddy bear angle had come about this way: Shortly after Peggy became ill, she asked for a teddy bear and kept

talking about it all the time. Tim said he thought it would do her more good than all the medicine, but what with the room rent and food, they just couldn't afford to buy one. A month ago he walked out of the house, and ever since teddy bears had been arriving at the rate of two or three a day.

"'With all those toys,' I said to the woman, 'your daughter must be a happy little girl.' 'They're too late to do any good,' she said. 'Peggy died two days before her father left.'

"When I told her I couldn't understand why a man was weeping teddy bears for a dead child, the woman said she was afraid Tim had croaked. He was never one to accept really anything, and in his fuzzy condition he probably still thought the kid was alive.

"Well, then, I said, 'what have you been doing with all the teddy bears?' 'The woman told she had gotten to know the doctors at the clinic pretty well, and when her husband disappeared they had found her a job at the hospital as a cleaning woman.

"There are a lot of kids in the charity ward where I work," she said, "and they get a big kick out of those teddy bears. (World Copyright Reserved—London Express Service.)

BERNARD WICKSTEED I'M FOR WASTING

GREAT HUCKLOW,
Derbyshire.

HULLO, you earthbound mortals! How would you like to fly like a bird? I don't mean dashing about at 300 miles an hour in a noisy aeroplane. I mean dream flying—soaring above the earth in silent, effortless ease. That's what Birdman Wicksteed has been doing.

Ever since man first envied the eagle he has longed for this power to escape from the earth. It probably accounts for the belief that angels have wings.

The early pioneers tried to join the angels by putting on home-made wings and jumping off towers and cliffs.

If they hadn't been so obsessed with wings that flapped we might have been soaring like birds for the past 4,000 years. Except for the instrument panel there is nothing in a modern glider that couldn't have been made by the Ancient Greeks or the Egyptians.

Aeroplane, balloons, and parachutes were never the answer. They are too noisy or too uncontrollable to give the complete illusion.

It's the glider that has made the principal dream a reality, and today anyone can fly like a bird in reasonable safety for 20 minutes.

There's an American who has soared to a height of 30,000 ft. (nearly seven miles). He used the same type of air current that the Rockies that eagles have known about all their life.

SWOOPING...

NOW there is me. For nine glorious minutes I soared, swooped, and floated over the hills of Derbyshire with no other sound but the swish of the wind.

For this experience I am indebted to a man and sign which said "To the Gliding" I came on it as I was passing through Derbyshire in the earthbound car named Desire.

Following up the clue I presently found myself on top of a hill in the midst of the annual contests of the British Gliding Association. It was rather like discovering a colony of rare birds in the midst of the nesting season. In the air were a dozen sailplanes, circling like seagulls at the edge of a cliff, and on the ground scores of bird men and women.

They were friendly birds, eager to initiate anyone interested. In no time I was strapped into a two-seater glider called a T21 and headed into the air.

I have to confess that the first few moments of the towed take-off were terrifying to a man used to the sound of engines. Instead of being eased off the ground, as in power flight, you shoot straight up at an angle

—AND THIS IS ME DOING IT

that all your previous experience tells you means certain death.

Then there's a bang as the tow rope is cut off, and you are floating in the medium of the air, free and silent as they are.

The wind flowing up the side of the hill carried us gently to 400 feet, where we found an invisible bubble of warm air known as a thermal.

CIRCLING...

AS you know, warm air rises, and, circling round in the bubble, we need, too, till the pilot lost it. We floated over a vast green valley, where the pilot found another current that took us over the hills and home again.

As passenger, pilot, or navigator, I've spent nearly 1,000 hours in the air, but those nine minutes of true aerobically flight were something to remember for life.

At Great Hucklow, a farmhouse has been converted into a birdman's feeding and drinking ground. At week-ends many of them come and nest there in catkins and tents. Joining a group at their drinking place, I learned that the face of the earth is dotted and crossed by the upward air currents that make bird flight possible.

SKY-WATCHING...

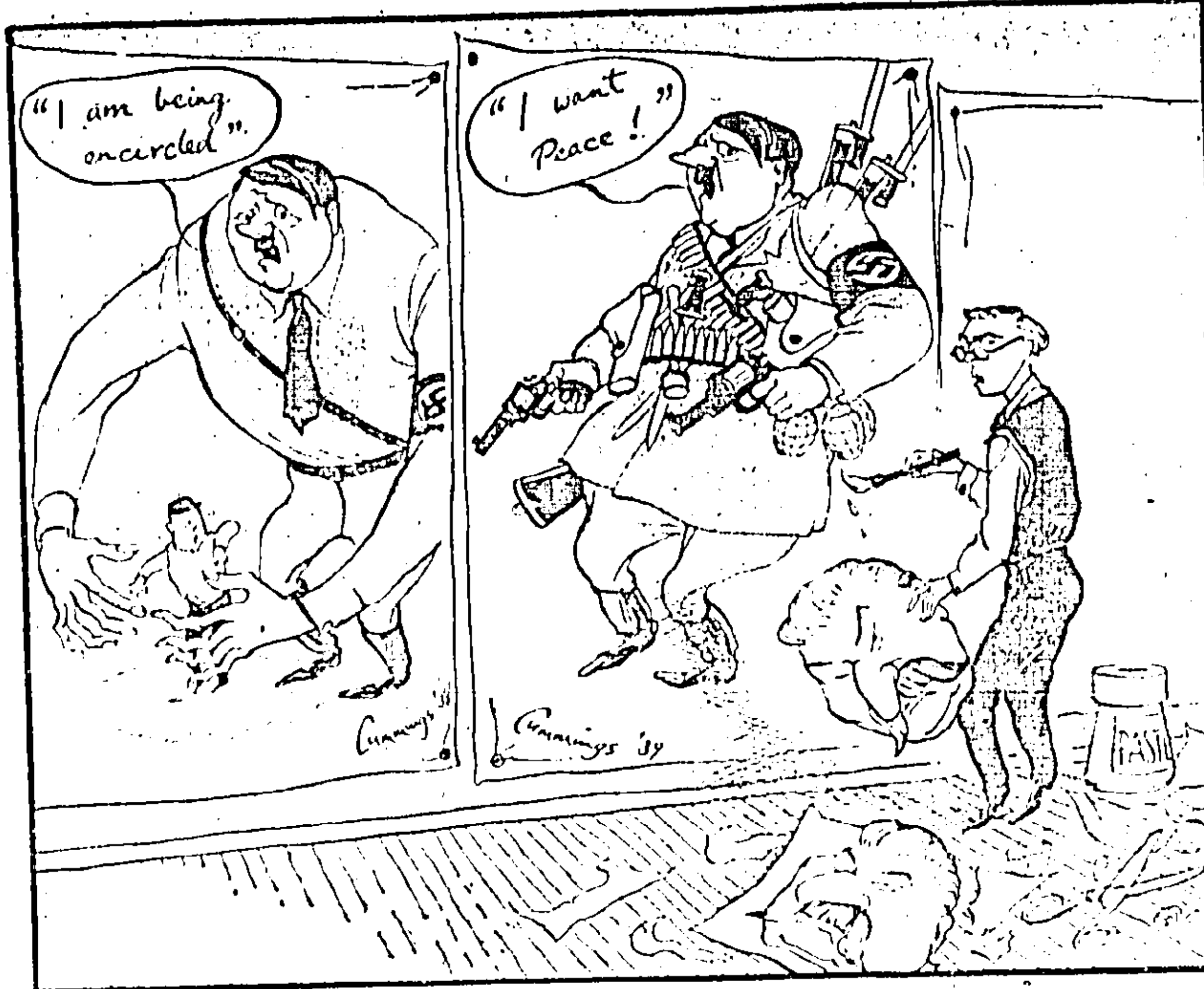
CLLOUDS are the best clues to the presence of upward currents. If there weren't one to support them in the air the clouds wouldn't be there. So birdmen are for ever looking at the sky, and assessing its gliding possibilities.

When the fever really gets them they can't see a landscape painting without thinking of air currents.

Flocks of gliding, corn are a good source of air bubbles. If you stand on the ground beside a field you can sometimes see the ears of corn move towards the centre and then away out again. That is the sign of a bubble going up.

Well, I must now say sweet words. I'm going to look for a worm.

(London Express Service)



"Just passing Stalin's head over my pre-war cartoons. Saves time!"
London Express Service

RESULTS OF HUMAN ENDURANCE TESTS

FEW things are more tedious than waiting for something to happen; so much so that when the expected event at last occurs it may be missed because of mental fatigue.

The sudden bob of a long-motionless float may escape the attention of the angler sitting, watching it, so dulled may his vigilance become through the tedium of waiting.

Although such slackening of alertness as time goes by is generally recognised, it is only comparatively recently that its nature and causes have been closely studied. Details of an experimental study, carried out by Dr N. H. Mackworth for the Medical Research Council of London, have now been made public, and reveal some interesting and unexpected facts.

War-prompted

THese experiments were prompted by practical problems which arose during World War II. One type of question which then had to be answered—and has to be answered also in connection with some peacetime

By **TREVOR WILLIAMS**

occupations was what happens when men, such as radar operators, are required to watch for long periods for weak signals which come only very occasionally and quite unpredictably.

Experiments were carefully devised to find the answer. For example, what was called the Clock Test was set up. In this the observer being tested sits in a room entirely alone in front of a large black pointer moving over a white screen. The pointer moves in jerks, 100 jerks making a complete revolution.

Two hours

OCASIONALLY, however, the pointer moves forward double the distance. When he notices this double movement, the observer has to press a switch to indicate the fact so that his score can be recorded.

Each Clock Test lasted two hours. Although individuals naturally varied considerably, the general trend of the results was both unmistakable and unexpected. The observer's efficiency always began to fall off after the first half-hour—a surprisingly short time. For instance, in a typical example with 25 cadets of the Royal Air Force, the percentage of missed signals during the first half-hour was only 16 percent; for each of the remaining three half-hour periods, however, about 27 percent of the signals were missed.

Because of the particular importance of radar observers, a special synthetic radar test was devised to reproduce as nearly as possible the effects which might be noted on an anti-submarine patrol. On a screen in front of the subject appeared irregularly a pinpoint of light, such as that which an actual submarine contact would cause, again similar results were obtained.

Not suitable

EFFICIENCY fell off very considerably after the first half-hour of the test. As a result maximum recommended spell of duty for radar operators was fixed at 30 minutes. After a short break, in which almost any other kind of activity could be carried out, the observers could return to their task completely refreshed.

It was found possible to do something to diminish this sort

of mental fatigue but not to eliminate it. Most effective, from the purely practical point of view, is a dose of a drug called amphetamine—an hour before the test, then the observer can maintain his initial accuracy over the whole two hours. Owing to various undesirable properties of the drug, however, it is not suitable for regular use.

Another way of combating this kind of mental fatigue is to stimulate the observer's interest by letting him know the results of his work from time to time.

Another important matter which has been studied at the same time is the effect on work—both mental and physical—of climatic conditions, such as extreme heat. Again an unexpectedly precise result was obtained.

Experiments showed that at a standard humidity the critical temperature in this respect is from 83 to 88 degrees Fahrenheit (about 31 degrees centigrade). Up to the lower of these temperatures neither mental nor physical work is much affected. Above the higher, however, efficiency falls sharply.

The boundary

AS surprising as the sharpness of the boundary between efficiency and inefficiency is the fact that it lies at the same temperature for every kind of work, whether it is mental work, like decoding a message, or heavy manual labour.

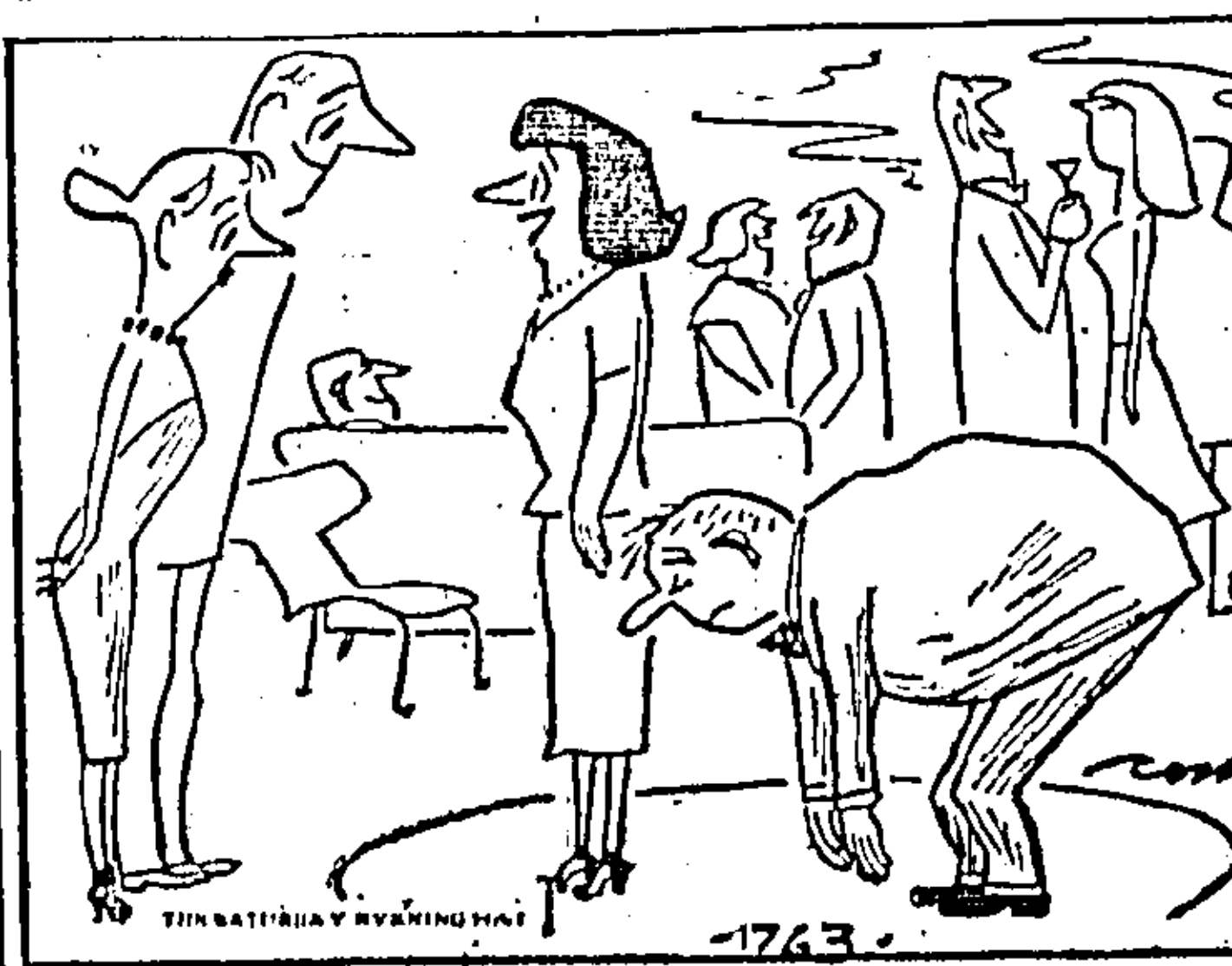
Typical of the tests carried out in this research was that known as the Wireless Telegraphy Reception Test. In this, experienced radio operators had to do their normal work of waiting down messages, but at abnormally high temperatures. Their efficiency was measured in terms of the number of faulty messages recorded.

In a typical experiment 18 percent of messages were faulty up to from 83 degrees Fahrenheit (about 33 degrees centigrade), and 33 percent or more at 92 degrees Fahrenheit (about 33 degrees centigrade).

At the higher room temperatures the proportion of errors mounted rapidly as the test continued. In the first hour, for example, at 92 degrees Fahrenheit, a group of operators averaged eight errors; in the third hour, they averaged 30 errors.

Many mistakes

AS many of the tests were made with volunteers who had had long experience of tropical conditions, the experiments point unmistakably to the con-



"You'll have to excuse Herbert. He's been working in the garden all day."

Look what we get— AN ARMY OF BOYS

I HAVE watched more than 15,000 boys come into the Army... the 18-year-olds who have been fetched from their homes for a year-and-a-half's National Service.

The more I have seen of them, the more I realise that conscription is a mistake. I don't blame the youngsters. Suitably armed they can perform capably the semi-police duties of an occupation force in Western Germany.

But youths of 18 and 19 cannot possibly form the basis of an army fit to resist onslaught in the first stages of modern war, seasoned and tough men, mentally and physically. They must possess the highest morale and be provided with first-class leadership only to be found among the professional soldiers.

Today Regulars are almost entirely absorbed in Britain with the business of watching the National Servicemen's welfare and the complicated administration.

An endless band of 18 months' routine has to be kept going at all costs while the Regular Army is dying on its feet. This is the time of year when the Army is used to be out fighting on manoeuvres, swooping across the Yorkshire moors, Salisbury Plain, the Sussex Downs.

by Brigadier
G. E. R. INCE

until recently Commandant
of one of Britain's largest
training centres

They are sorted out then for their Army jobs—drivers, artificers, butchers, clerks...

But they are still boys... and they will still be boys when they have ticked off the next 18 months on their calendars and are ready to hustle home.

They cannot grow into soldiers on an 18-month diet of routine gun drill, routine driving of the same old vehicles round the same old asphalt tracks, constant week-ends out of camp and the odd 12-hour guard duty round old huts on W. D. property.

It is like trying to raise an army on orange juice and powdered milk.

Slim's ideal

WHEN Field-Marshal Sir William Slim became Chief of the Imperial General Staff, it was said that he had set his mind on the creation of at least one Regular brigade to each Army command in Britain.

These Regular soldiers would have set the tone and standards of what the British Army ought to be. They would have formed the essential expeditionary force in time of war.

The Treasury would not or could not find the money—so this idea was still-born. But without more professional soldiers the British Army will soon be without leadership. Quick promotion among National Servicemen shows up the

What else can you expect? They tumble out of the barracks empty at week-ends. The young soldiers are not out on manoeuvres. They are on the roads, thumbing lifts home.

They go to the quartermaster's store for their uniforms that first day. And they send home their civvies in a brown-paper parcel.

They go for their interview during the first week to the manpower selection panels. They fit a bicycle pump together, do a simple arithmetic sum, perhaps fit a jigsaw puzzle together.

(Contd. on Page 15, Col. 6)

His call to rule breaks up a family

BRUSSELS. I GLIMPSED Belgium's future king on the day of Leopold's return with his two sons from his six years of exile.

A palace official had opened the door of a sitting room in Laeken Palace a few inches to see if the King was ready to receive a party of foreign journalists.

As he did so I caught sight of the royal trio lined up as though on parade, each with his chest thrown out, each glaring fixedly into the middle distance, in a comic imitation of official dignity. Then all three burst into laughter—which only died away when the first of their visitors filed into the room.

I recall this incident because it shows that Baudouin is a member of a family which is a happy and devoted one despite the tragedies which have overwhelmed it.

The break-up of this family by Baudouin's accession to the throne and his father's renewed exile will pain Baudouin deeply. He will especially miss his step-mother, the beautiful Princess de Rethy, to whom he is touchingly devoted.

Reporter SAM WHITE, who has followed the Belgian drama throughout, writes on the outlook for the new ruler

Almost inevitably he has acted as a kind of hostage in his father's bitter battle against his opponents. Leopold did not allow him to return to Belgium to take his place in the Belgian Upper House, nor to start his military duties with the Belgian Army when he reached the age of 18.

At one point in the dispute Leopold said despairingly to a Belgian Cabinet Minister: "If only Baudouin were two years older."

Not unnaturally, Leopold wanted to have charge of his son's upbringing and training. And that is what his opponents were afraid of. But it is unlikely that Baudouin will carry over his father's views into his own reign.

Leopold is an intelligent and magnanimous man. He will advise Baudouin to forget and

forgive the past. And Baudouin will benefit from the strong desire felt by all political leaders to restore the monarchy to its former prestige.

Belgium is an intensely royalist country. The monarchy unites two linguistically and racially distinct people—the Walloons and the Flemings. Without the monarchy Belgium might cease to exist as a nation.

Baudouin is young enough to benefit from and be influenced by this renewed spirit of reconciliation.

Twenty years old, he is pale, slim, flaxen-haired, and wears horn-rimmed spectacles. His dark eyes and full mouth recall his mother.

He was educated first by private tutors, later at a private school near Geneva. There he had a private room while his brother shared a room with other pupils. He was a keen footballer and played in the school team. His best subject was history. At Calvin College in Geneva he read Modern

Despite his Catholic upbringing, his education was along Nonconformist lines. He is reputed to be shy, but when he made his first public appearance in Brussels he carried out his duties with remarkable coolness.

He shares the late King Albert's passion for mountain climbing. Visits to the United States and Havana have been his only trips abroad.

Baudouin has inherited the gentleness and much of the charm of his mother.

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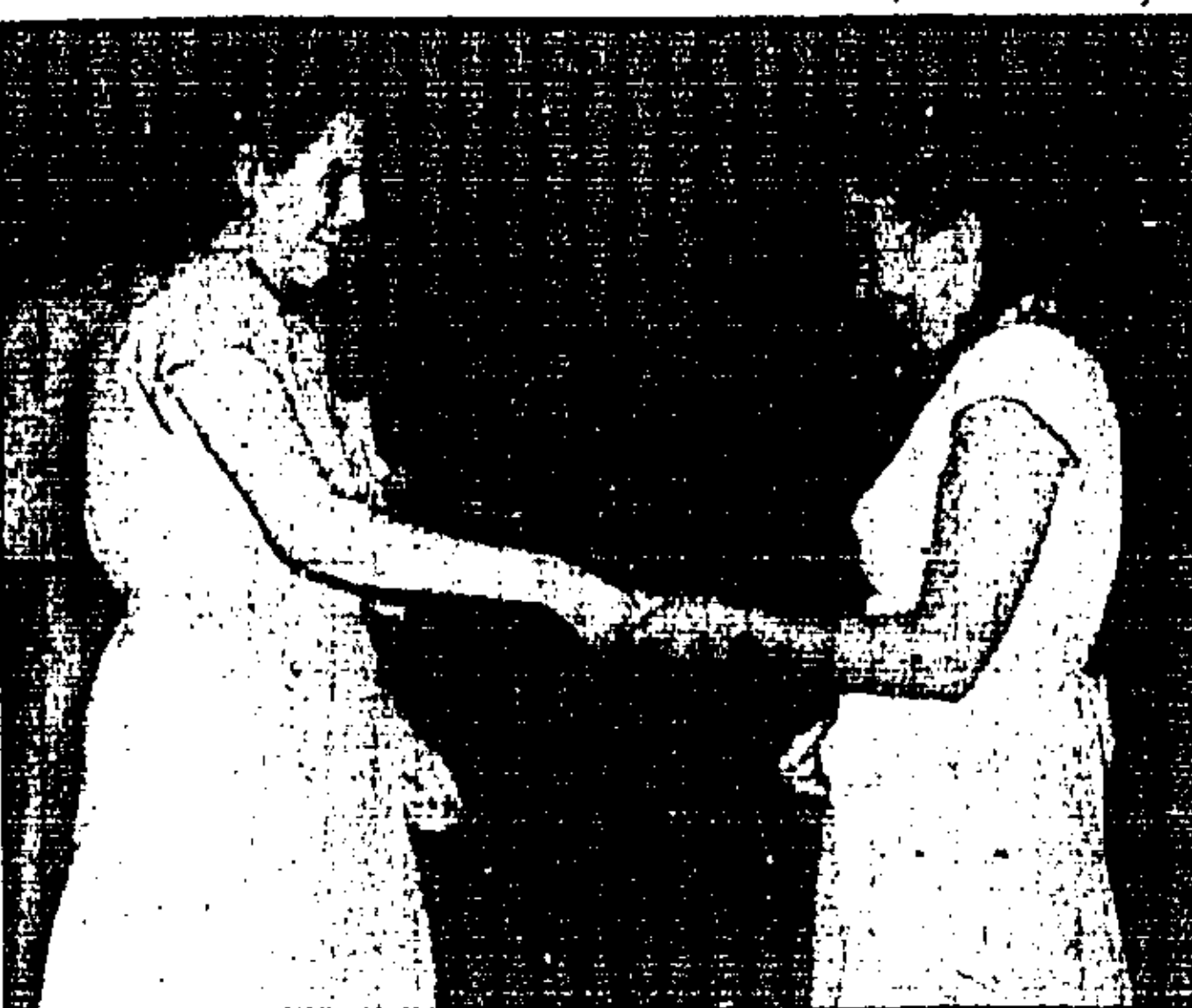
MR Yu Cho-nim receiving from Mr C. C. Quah, Boy Scouts Deputy Commissioner, the Cornwell Badge awarded to his son, the late Patrol Second Yu Chung-kwong, of the 15th Hongkong (Wah Yan College) Troop, for his high standard of character and devotion to duty during great pain. Yu Chung-kwong died in hospital in July after several months' illness. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MR Max Meister, Swiss Consul (second from right), and guests at the cocktail party given at the Hongkong Hotel to mark Swiss National Day. (Mao Choung)



AT St John's Cathedral last Saturday: after the wedding of Mr William Garland Long and Mrs Rose Williams. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



CHINESE YMCA beat the Victoria Recreation Club at last Saturday's swimming gala. Left: Victor Matluk, of VRC, who equalled the record for the 100 yards backstroke. Below: The ladies' relay teams. The VRC ladies (back row) were successful in this event. Above: Mrs A. O. de Sales (left) presenting prizes at the end of the evening. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



ABOVE left: Group picture taken after the wedding last Saturday at the Hongkong Union Church of Mr John Ronwick Deas and Mrs Winifred Leslie Kirkwood. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MR David Cohen and Miss Rhiannon Roberts photographed at a party given last Saturday at which their engagement was announced. (Francis Wu)



GROUP picture taken before the cricket match between the visiting Malaya University team and alumni of the Hongkong University. (Ming Yuen)



MR Chen Li-fu, veteran Chinese politician and former Minister of Education, photographed with his family at Kai Tak airport when he passed through on his way from Formosa to Switzerland to attend a Moral Rearmament conference. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



FRIENDS of little Miss Shirley Sinn (centre, back row) who helped her to celebrate her tenth birthday last week. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

Paquerette
shoes
is now showing
bags
new & exclusive
dresses
collections
hats



MR Thomas William Nottidge and his bride, formerly Miss Dreda Eaton, leaving St John's Cathedral after their wedding last Saturday. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

What they are wearing in London

By Joan Erskine

LONDON.

WILL London establish a new fashion line this season? Very soon the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers will open their salons to the press, and we shall know whether our skirts are to ascend still further, whether our shoulders are to develop angles, and whether our waists are to remain where nature intended them.

It is significant this year that Paris has deliberately decided to show to the world almost six days before her normal time. She had obviously hoped in this way to undercut British fashion. But she has not succeeded. The London shows, normally spread over a week, will all take place two days before the Paris shows. The Paris move makes London wonder. Is it possible that Paris, a city regarded as second to none for design, is afraid of competition from across the Channel? When London concentrates, as she did last season, on fine fabrics, and finer workmanship, she can present the most elegantly tailored collections in the world.

What are they wearing?

Meanwhile, what are London's best-dressed women wearing? You can probably guess the answer—the classic tailleur with variations. The suit may be belted or plain, with skirt slashed, pleated or straight. Revers are high or low, curved or pointed. In one respect they are alike—buttoning usually begins at, or below, the waist.

The first collection of tailored suits and coats was shown recently by SIMON MASSEY. From it, we have chosen a suit in black worsted barathra with interest at shoulder level (illustrated here).

Following the high line was a suit with pointed pockets protruding above the shoulders, in a soft pewter shade. The collar was notched to match the pointed pockets.

Rever variations

From double revers, we progressed to treble revers, each one curving from under the other, and each set a little lower than the last. Pockets with three curving flaps matched the triple revers, and the effect was rounded and feminine. Other revers, wide in front, tapered off into a tiny collar at the back of the neck. In all cases, emphasis is on the top part of the body. Huge collars; scarves slotted ingeniously through buttonholes BENEATH revers; butterfly bows standing stiffly under the chin. There must be no bulk below the waist, no gathers, no heavy pleats, no flared pockets.

Attention was immediately focussed on the neck of an outfit aptly named "Scholar". A neat detachable bib, which could be made in black velvet or fine check, buttoned on when the suit was fastened.

The coats, with a truly 1950 look about them, were adaptations of a man's coat. "Burlington" was a new fabric, a length coat with black velvet collar. It fell with no fullness, straight from the shoulders.

There has been a general return lately in London to camel hair coats, with ample collars and wide belts. Most usual trimming on town coats is velvet, sometimes edged with tiny jet beads. The colour that may supersede grey is bottle-green, now being used for coats, suits, dresses and skirts.

Very different from the usual classic style is the suit we chose from SPECTATOR SPORTS (illustrated on this page).

Sweater nows

How do you like the idea of fine tweed stitched sweaters, to match or contrast with a suit? They fit rather better than the knitted variety. Instead of slotting a scarf through a lapel button-hole, Spectator varied the idea by having a slit in the waist-line, through which the blouse-tail was allowed to fall.

They called one exotic model "Mikado". It was in black, with the wide sleeves beginning almost below the waistline, giving a cape effect. Large black velvet cuffs turned back, edged with jet.

The slim skirt-line was broken in some cases by a back-flare of pleats, beginning below the knee. Braiding was used extensively. We noticed it particularly on a dark iodine-suit, with twelve-inch pleats round the hem, topped by braid, which curved also round the collar. Braid buttons trimmed the collar, pockets, and hem of another suit.

Coat vogue

The coats in this collection were large casual Joose affairs, with big patch pockets, low revers, enormous collars. Some were in men's cutting, with brilliant contrasting lining. A black coat had huge fur collar and cuffs. A bottle-green coat had a black velvet deep curved collar and cuffs.

KOUPI showed us coats exactly like a man's, with no redeeming features. One was in light Harris tweed, with leather buttons, patch pockets, deep cuffs, and a vent at the back. A new fabric, FLESH, was used for a number of full-skirted coats, half-belted. It closely resembled soft mohair, with an angora finish.

Suits were original. One, in check, had scarves attached to the shoulders which could be tied in many ways, tucked through the belt, or left hanging neatly at the back, like another variation of the flying panels. They were lined with searid.



ABOVE: Spectator Sports suit in sponge-bag worsted with unusual low-cut revers, all cuffs, narrow belt, but no fullness. The tabs are an interesting feature. They button on the jacket, or on to the skirt.

BELOW: Black worsted barathra suit from Simon Massey with interest at shoulder level. The exceptionally high pointed revers balance the shorter skirt, slit at the sides. Leaves of froggrain decorate collar and pocket flaps.



YOUR SUMMER ACCESSORIES COME FROM THE SEA

SEASHELLS... now watch their revival as a summer ornament. Most of the shells come from Haiti and Ecuador and are being worked into everything from pins to necklaces. The natural colours are most attractive and imaginative, many in soft tones of tortoise and orange. They're chunky looking, yet light in weight. Some are beautifully coloured—"china linked"—and look like delicate cake frostings.

TORTOISE SHELL... exciting genuine beads which have been imported to America and which will be made up in bulky necklaces. Many will be shown in combination with alligator gold beads, rhinestone cups and rondelles or pearls. American manufacturers have taken their cue from Paris for this fashion, and the fact that beige and warm toned browns are an important colour range. Even tortoise hair ornaments are contemplated. Corni holds the lead over the turquoise, but turquoise does show signs of coming in when women are wearing the new summer sheers. Yellow is another shade which is proving its worth.

CUFF LINKS... Reason being, that blouses, separate neckwear and cuff sets and the crisp pique cuff accents shown on dresses are a natural background for the decorative links.

CRYSTALS... their importance this season as a fresh, neutral jewelled accessory. They're being shown in all forms, from necklaces made of faceted, tin-cut balls, to the more delicate and unusual prism types. Many talk about crystals replacing pearls in the basic wardrobe. Although the clear hold a substantial majority, some houses are featuring them in the pastel colours, or in combination with brightly coloured beads. The designers have even gone so far as to make cuff links of clear crystals.

CHANDLER EARRINGS have won the evening accessory battle of the season. At first only a few London mannequins wore them. Now they all wear

them with evening dress. And very elegant they look, too. So for evenings put your stud earrings away and bring out the long ones that many women have had tucked away at the bottom of the trinket box.

Smartest ones to choose are the jangling variety in white paste or pearls, not jade or jet or garnets. If you have only coloured stones, choose the lighter ones, pale topaz, aquamarine or the pale pink stones.

CARPET SLIPPERS? Paris with its instinct for the trend of the moment has seized on the tapestry influence to produce accessories. Carpet slippers will no longer be the prerogative of gouty old gentlemen; they will be seen on the most fashionable Parisian feet. The casual tapestry summer shoes are diamond patterned, with froggrain bindings and leather soles and heels. The designer, Jean Dessès, thinks they will prove cool and comfortable.

Ridding A Double Chin

By HELEN FOLLETT

IF a woman is inclined to take on weight, being on the plump side, she must keep an eye on her chin. If she doesn't, it may go double.

If you have observed signs, and you will recognize them, give yourself a five-minute treatment every night. After you have anointed your sacred complexion with a heavy cream, pat the jaw line, chin and throat briskly. You can use a patting, for this purpose, if you prefer. Then pick up the flesh below the chin, roll it between thumb and finger; that movement will dissolve tiny fat cells that may be forming. It will crush them.

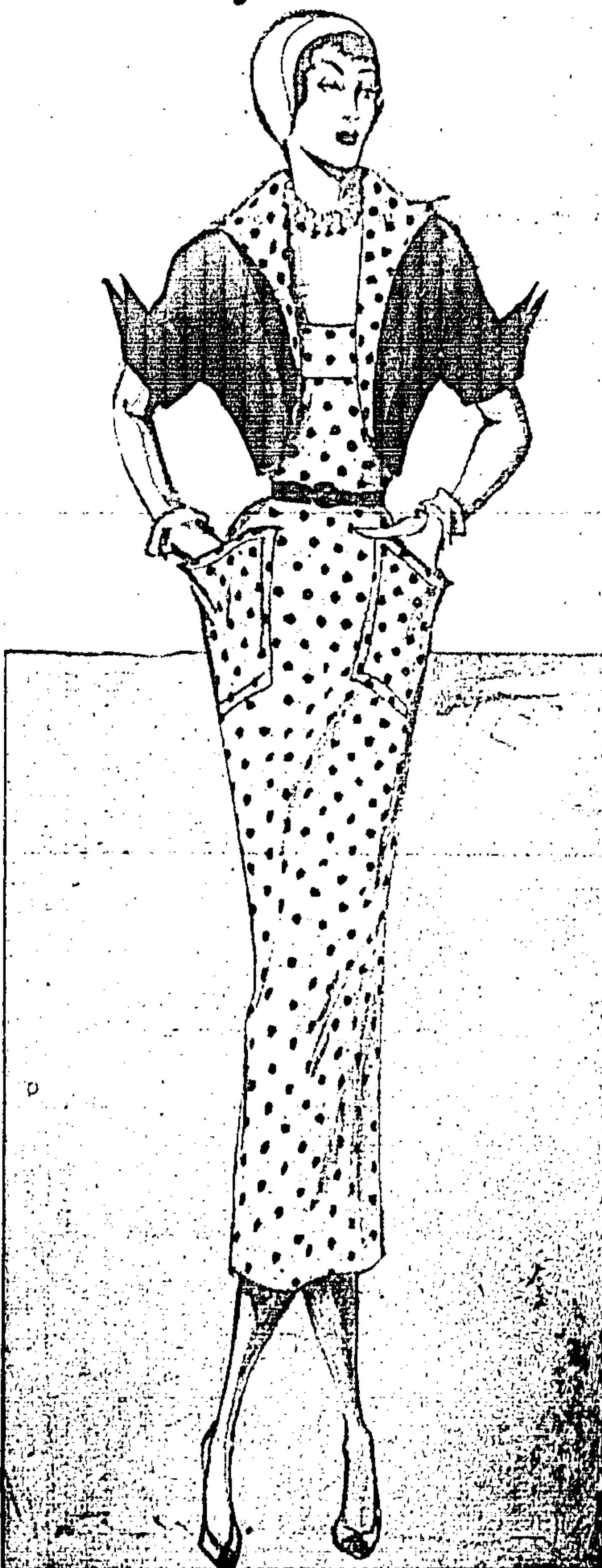
Chin Strap

In the morning remove traces of the cream with gauze or a sterile cotton ball. Then moisten a fresh cotton ball with an astringent or skin tonic and lap the flesh briskly. Astringents are an important part of getting a chin under control. You can pour some on gauze, put on a chin strap, and go about your daily household activities. Ice friction is beneficial; it hardens the flesh, helps underlying muscles to remain firm and resilient.

To avoid this special good looks trouble, make it a practice to keep your head on the level. When the chin droops the muscles of the southern portion of your portrait and those of your neck become relaxed. On relaxed muscles adipose tissue finds an abiding place.

Women who type or sew a good deal are likely to keep the head lowered. One should sit tall, keep the shoulders properly posed and the chest lifted. It is surprising what splendid effect good posture has, not only on appearance, but upon the health.

Hot-day Favourite



By PRUNELLA WOOD

HOT DAYS in town or country, at work or on holiday, will react coolly toward this non-crushing linen frock, and make the hours refreshing for you.

The colour scheme is navy and white... the white frock polka dotted with navy, the bolero still a fashion favourite, solid navy with facing and collar of the dress fabric. Big pockets give interest to the narrow skirt; the dress bodice has a bare top with two straps, and a bias fold finishing it.

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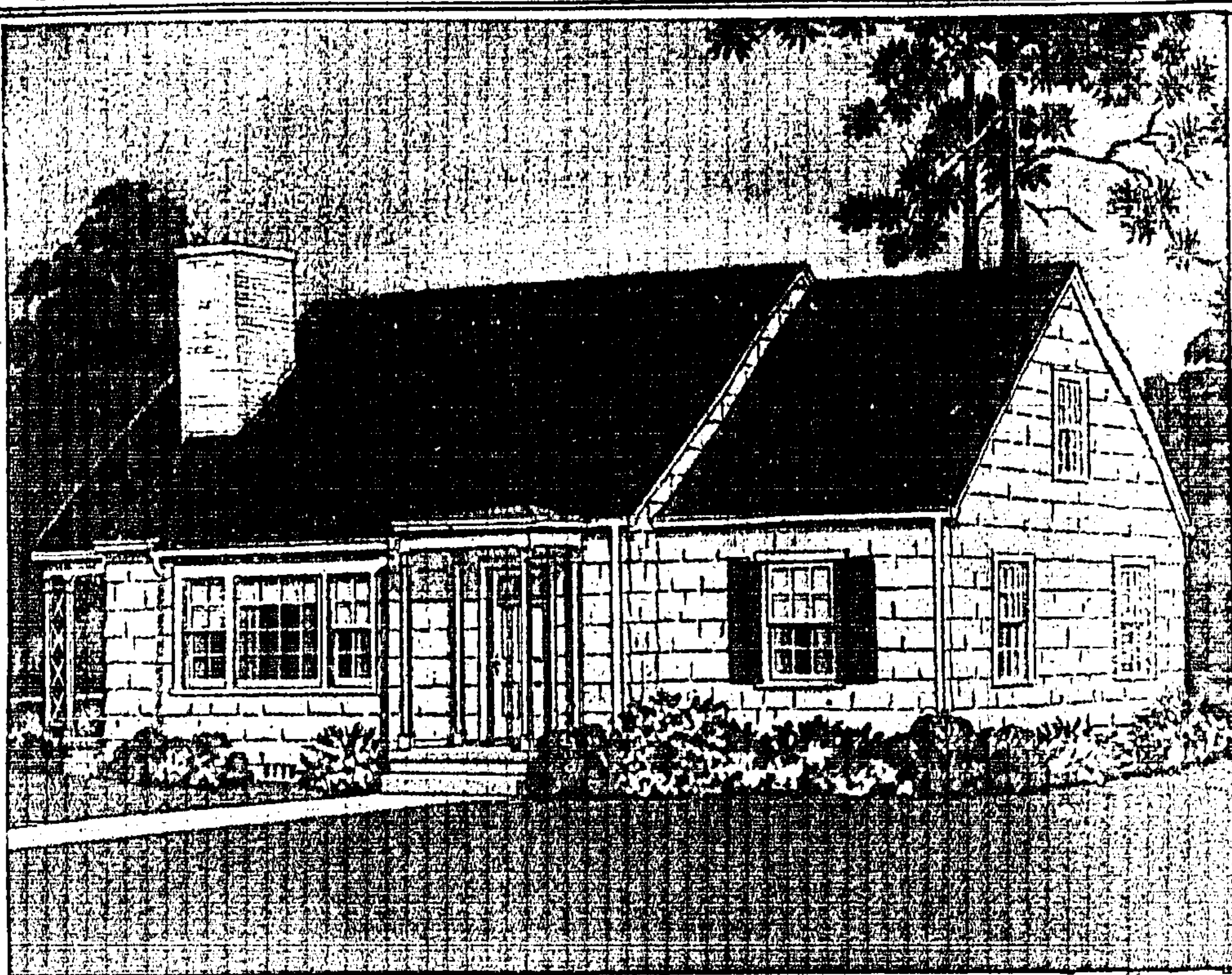
Blouse
by

Hongkong & Shanghai Face Co.
(Wong Yee)

8 Wyndham St. Hong Kong

PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

WITH A PICTURE WINDOW



YOU'VE SEEN HOUSES like this one before. It's the ever-popular kind, designed along trim, traditional Colonial lines in spic-and-span white frame, yet its exterior and interior are modern and up-to-the-minute. Note the picture window, so popular these days.

By JOAN O'SULLIVAN

HERE'S a type of home that's forever a general favourite — white frame, designed along traditional Colonial lines, yet modern and up-to-the-minute inside and out.

Sleeping quarters are located in the right wing of the house. There are two windows in each of the bedrooms, providing welcome cross ventilation. The front bedroom is large enough to accommodate twin beds.



What's sure to please lucky Mrs. Homeowner is the good-sized living room with its fire-place and charming picture window so popular in modern homes. Large in size, this window lets in more light and affords an unbroken picturesque view, which contributes even more to the livability of a room than paintings or tapestries ever do.

From the living room, an archway leads into the dining room, which opens on the kitchen. There's dining space here, too, for family breakfast, brunch or supper. The utility room, which houses heater and tubs, and a front porch open off the kitchen.

Ceilings are 8 feet high. The house takes up 17,740 cubic feet.

All this and marriage, too

New York. The requirements for the perfect mate were announced by the Actors and Personality Coaches' Association of Broadway. The Association listed these requirements:

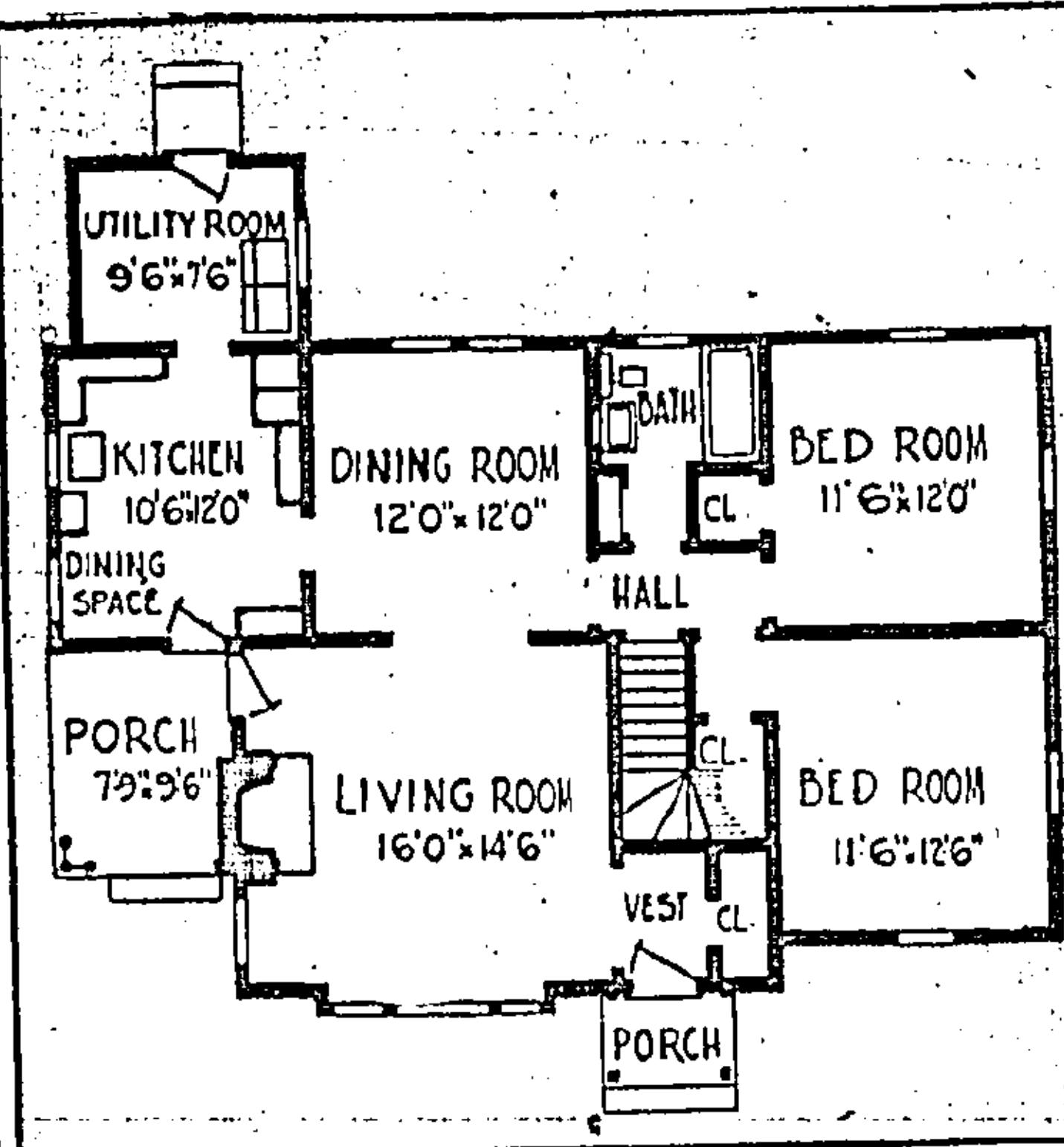
The Woman
The figure of Marie ("The Body") Macdonald.
The intensity of Bette Davis.
The pliancy of Mary Martin.
The wit of writer Dorothy Parker.

The Man
The intellect of Clare Boothe Luce.
The sheer "femaleness" of Bette Davis.
The lovely mysteriousness of Vivien Leigh.
The magnificence of Cary Grant.
The glib tongue of Groucho Marx.
The virility of Clark Gable.
The wisdom of Winston Churchill.
The sex appeal of Tyrone Power.

PANTALOONS ARE BACK



This party dress in cotton print with rose ruffle and bodice, white embroidery trim and ruffled pantaloons, was modelled in Chicago, Illinois, by Joan Meyers. It was one of the 10,000 summer styles on display at a fashion show held recently.



HERE'S THE FLOOR plan for this attractive five-room house. The two bedrooms are conveniently grouped together in the right wing.



The Salad Bowl for Hot Days

ONE warm day in New York we dropped into a restaurant on Fifth Avenue for luncheon. Look at these ladies and gentlemen!" exclaimed the Chef. "Most of them are enjoying enormous salad bowls."

"Chicken and ham julienne with celery, peas, string beans, carrots and lettuce."

"Lump crabmeat with celery, water cress, hard-cooked egg, tomato wedges and lettuce."

"Fresh fruit salad with lettuce, the centre of cottage cheese and chopped pecans."

Crabmeat Bowl

The Chef ordered a "frigid" crabmeat bowl. I had the fresh fruit salad.

"These bowls have been well chilled, Madame; the salad greens are so cold they actually crackle when you bite. This crabmeat salad, and probably all the savory salads are put together with thin tart mayonnaise."

"And my 'frigid' fruit bowl, Chef, is put together with a lime- and honey dressing instead of the French dressing usually used. Tastes good!"

"Note also, Madame, the salad ingredients are not chopped or mashed. They are cut in bite-sized pieces. These individual 'frigid' salads would be very good also for the family dinner."

Dinner

Hot or Jellied Tomato Bouillon
"Frigid" Chicken and Vegetable Bowls
Toasted Cheese-d English Muffins
Blueberry Squares
Or Lemon Sponge Fruit Picolets
Hot or Iced Coffee or Tea Milk

Your Sewing Scrapbook

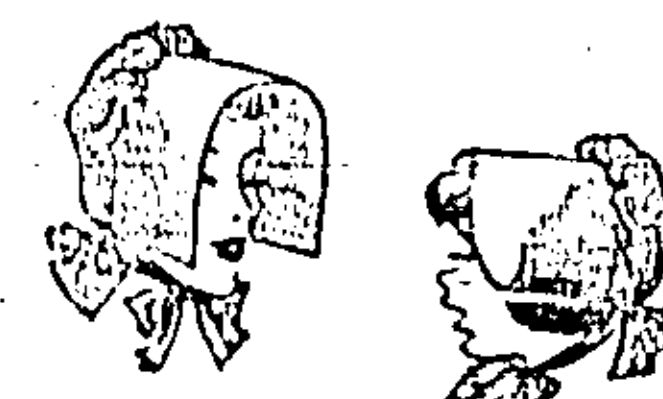
by Mary Brooks Picken

Bonnets, Visors, Sun Shades



as at B. Cut on folded line; make a narrow hem on these raw edges.

Join larger piece to larger fan piece, making seam on wrong side. Draw ends back and tie as shown. Fits, looks smart, easy to make.



Calico for Bonnets

For fabric of bonnets, take 1/2 yd. of 36" calico. Straighten fabric. Measure and cut off one 17" piece. Measure and cut another piece 11" across, 14" long. Cut 2 casings 2" wide (C and D). Make 4 tie strings, as at E.

Curve corners of back pieces, as at F. Gather across these curved edges, side to side. Draw up to fit top of mat.

Turn under raw edges of casing and stitch across each bonnet, as indicated by broken lines G and H. Hem bottoms and sides up to casing.

Join two ends of longer strings in a doublestitched seam and hem all edges. Repeat with two shorter strings.

CALL them sun shades, anything you like, but do make at least one for yourself, for your daughter or granddaughter.

A palm-leaf fan cut in two pieces makes the visors. A colourful 24" kerchief square makes the backs. Get 1 fan, 1 kerchief, 3 yds. binding, 1 spool thread, for two fan-visor bonnets.

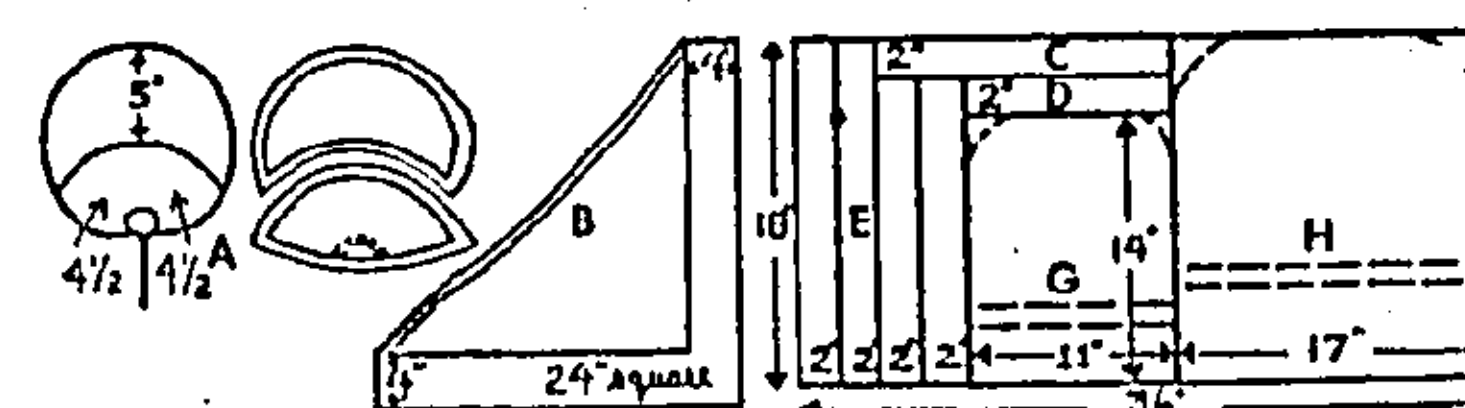
Material for Sunbonnets

For two sunbonnets we use 1/2 yd. calico print, 1 rattan table mat and 1 spool of thread.

To make fan-visors, measure down from centre top of fan 5". Measure up 4 1/2" on each side from handle. Draw a curved line with pencil, as at A. Cut on this line to obtain two visors. Cut hands out carefully and throw away.

Bind 2 pieces of fan on all edges. Stitch twice on curve where handle came out—this for support.

Cut the kerchief, as shown by folding over corner on bias line.



MONDAY: BEACH OR CAMP ROLL

Alcohol Keeps Veiling Crisp If Applied Before Pressing

By ELEANOR ROSS

TODAY we offer some more hints in the art of good grooming, an art that requires constant vigilance and faithful application.

★ Vell make headline news this summer, both as a finish to the small hat and as auxiliary headgear, finished with a rhinestone or two, or bright with a cluster of scattering of artificial flowers. But the nicest veil won't do its job properly unless it is crisp, which demands pressing as soon as the mesh begins to look the least bit wilted or droopy. Put the veil with alcohol before pressing and the job will be extra good.

While waxed paper is generally used when pressing, a veil, perfectionists insist that the veil should be laid on flannel for pressing, that the waxed paper leaves a greasy residue.

★ Silver fox in all its beautiful colorings and mutations is high style once more, as witness any cool day. Get a special wire-hair comb from the furrier and use this according to instructions to keep the fur smooth and snarl-free. After the combing, give the wrap or stole a good shaking, and the fur will have a well-groomed air. Have the fur glazed once in a while, too. A ball of tarralene, that stiff, open-mesh cotton fabric that is like light canvas, is a good aid in keeping furs clean. Go over fur surface with a tarralene ball about once a week. If the furs are worn a great deal, a hand vacuum does a good job of digging out deep-rooted dirt but using it takes some skill.

★ Costume Jewellery is handsome, but only when it is bright and clean. A quick dip in warm soapy water to which a few drops of ammonia have been added, and then a good drying with tissue paper, is generally enough. There are, however, some excellent commercial cleaners on the market, both for costume and precious jewellery.

★ Today's fingerlets is just about the simplest and easiest part of the wardrobe to care for, especially the pieces fashioned of nylon, worn knitted. But whether of nylon, rayon, silk, or cotton, fingerlets should be washed after every wearing, and if it is coloured, it

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PRESS PHOTOGRAPHS

Copies of photographs taken by the South China Morning Post and Hong Kong Telegraph Staff Photographers are on view in the Morning Post Building.

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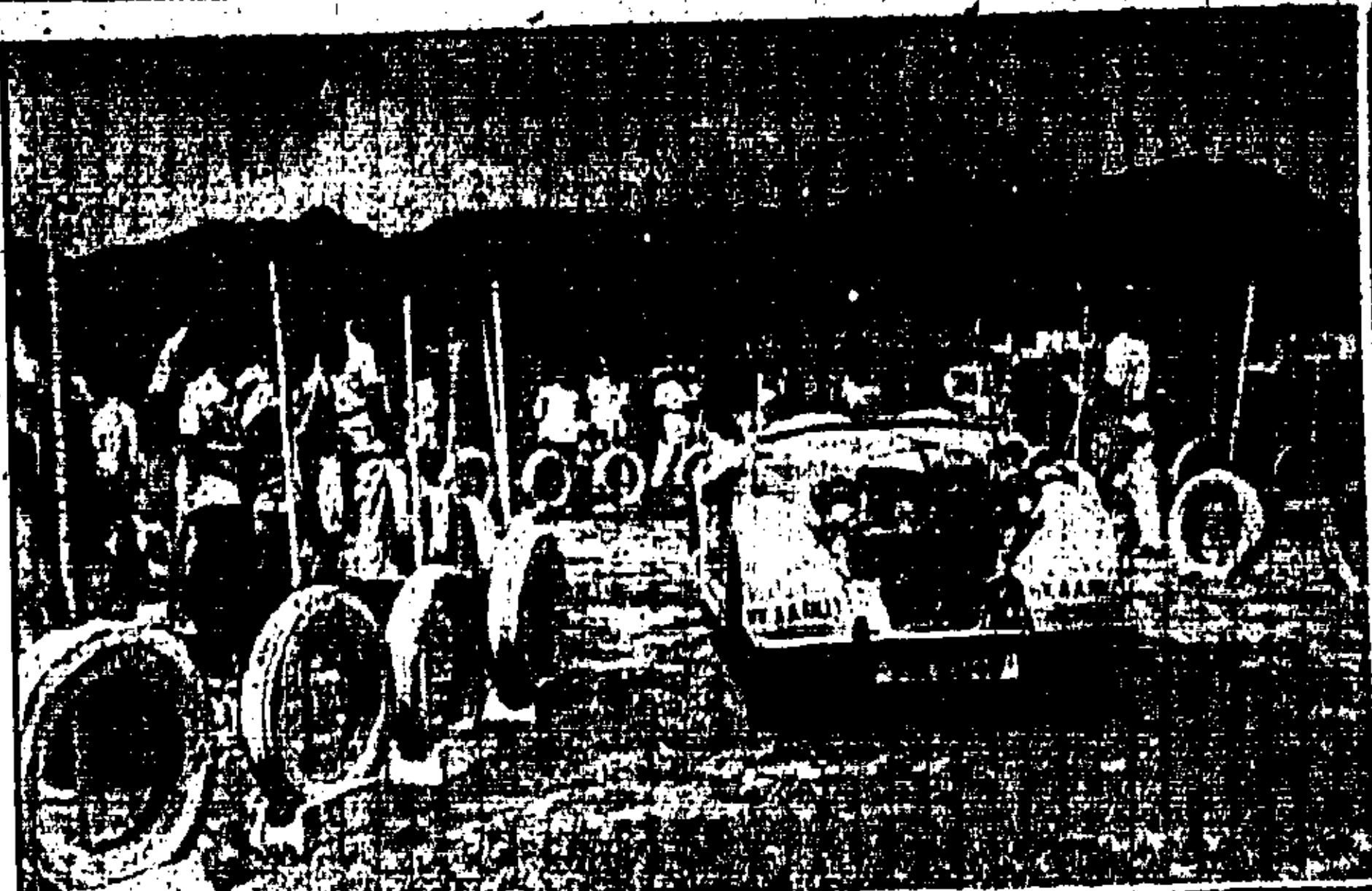
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PHOTOGRAPHS taken at the Colony's first Motor Rally organised by the Hongkong Automobile Association, held on Sunday last. Pictures above show the start of the hill climb and the reverse driving event. Mr. C. A. Arnold, who gained top honours by winning three cups, is second from right in the picture on the left. Below that, Mrs Macintosh, wife of the Commissioner of Police, is seen handing the cup for the Concours d'Elegance to Mrs Peggy Eu. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



AT the Kowloon Bowling Green Club's 50th anniversary celebrations last Sunday. In upper picture, Mr W. Russell, oldest member, unveils the Founders' plaque. In lower photo, Mr F. C. Clomo (right), President of the Club, presents a memento marking the occasion to HE the Officer Administering the Government, Mr J. F. Nicoll. (Golden Studio)

LEFT: Mr and Mrs J. D. Field at the reception held after their wedding last week. The bride was formerly Miss Marcia Gray. (Francis Wu)



LIEUT-GENERAL James H. Doolittle (wearing hat), famed U.S. Air Force commander of World War II, and Mrs Doolittle pictured at Kai Tak airport on their arrival here last week in the course of a round-the-world tour. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



GROUP picture taken at the party given by the graduation class of the Diocesan Girls' School. (Ming Yuen)



SURGEON-LIEUTENANT Peter Richard Morgan and Miss Philippa Mary Tompkins, who were married at the Holy Trinity Church on Monday. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

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TOP: Capt. H. I. Smith, (second from left), Commandant, Military Police Staff Corps, and guests at the opening of the Corps' Sergeants' Mess last week. Mr. and Mrs McDougal and Mr. Burnard, lucky prize winners of the evening, are seen in the lower photo. (Jimmy Foo)



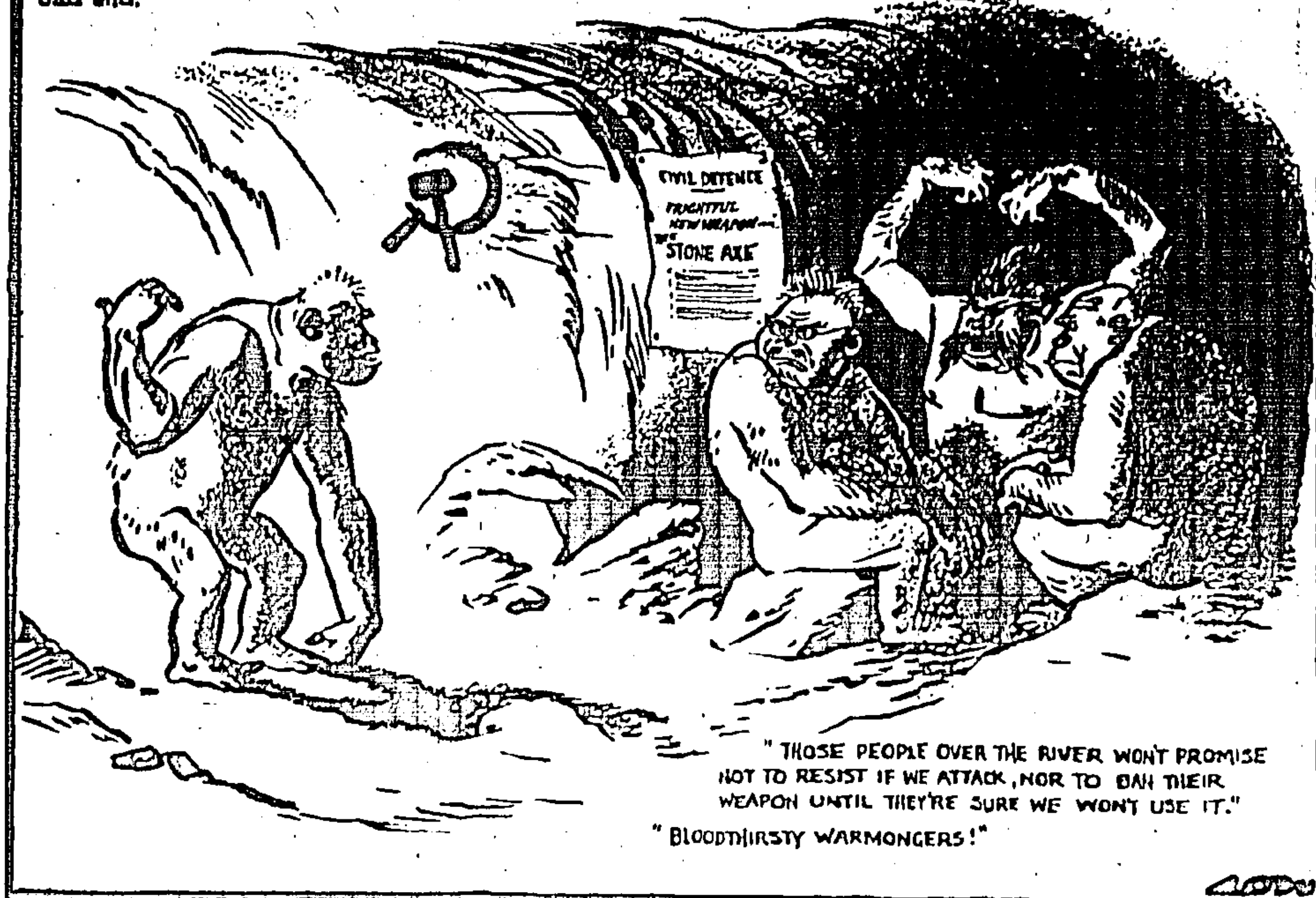
MR Leonard Sykes and his bride, formerly Miss Isobel Jean Robertson, after their wedding at the Kowloon Union Church on Monday. (Golden Studio)

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Newly-discovered skulls show that premen with almost human brains existed a million years ago. It is assumed they came to a bad end.



THEY NEVER LEARN

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'Operation Commonwealth'

How to beat the atom bomb

by Sir Frank Whittle

Pioneer of jet propulsion

ITS proposals for defence against the atom bomb have been presented by the Home Office to an uneasy nation.

There is little in them that could not have been expected by anyone who has read intelligently during the past five years.

But we are under moral obligation to ask whether they represent all that the Government is prepared to do.

I earnestly hope that they do not.

We need a more imaginative, more courageous plan, and one that is not passive but active.

ONE BLOW

AN atom bomb may never be used. Let us hope that will prove to be the case. But in making plans to cope with it we must remember this: No country in the world is as vulnerable to the atom bomb as these islands in which we live.

We are 50,000,000 people living in a land which is not capable of feeding 30,000,000 from its own soil.

The bulk of us are concentrated in a few small areas. One-sixth of us, for example, occupy the 693 square miles of Greater London alone.

View a highly organised community like ours as the human body and you will see what I mean. Individuals are the cells. Central government is the brain. Roads and railways are the arteries.

Like many complex mechanisms it can be very efficient. But also like any complex mechanism a blow to the sensitive areas can paralyse it.

London, Liverpool, Southampton, Glasgow—these are the sensitive spots of our national body.

We have seen what a strike of 2,000 lorry-drivers can do to London's food supplies.

What then would be our fate if railways, roads, docks were put out of action overnight?

We would be a corpse in which the brain and heart had ceased to function. Without them the cells would perish.

TWO COURSES

WHAT should we do before such a threat?

There are two courses of action, both of them active, both of them imaginative:

1. Mass migration.
2. Decentralisation.

On this matter of migration the Commonwealth Secretary

Mr. Patrick Gordon-Walker recently made one of the blindest statements a Minister of this country could make in the atomic age.

He said that the United Kingdom was an over-populated area. Mass migration was neither desirable nor feasible.

The facts dispute his first claim. The rapid march of events makes his second statement untenable.

Our population should be spread across the lands of the Commonwealth. That is the only way to preserve the Commonwealth if it ever be attacked.

Place mass emigration is useless. I suggest that nothing short of a very carefully planned mass migration—an 'Operation Commonwealth'—will do.

Whole communities should be moved to other parts of the Commonwealth, not slowly over the years, as some suggest, but as swiftly as possible. With them should go their tools and their living accommodation.

This operation should be carried out as a large-scale

military operation. It would demand the skill and ingenuity which are our national pride.

It is clear that the order in which the emigrants go is important.

In the initial phases builders would be needed. We could afford the sacrifice of this labour because, after 2,000,000 others have left, our housing need would virtually cease.

100 VOYAGES

BUT, it must be admitted, the transference of enormous numbers will be an immense task. It would take 100 voyages of a grossly overcrowded Queen Mary to move 1,000,000 people by sea.

Nevertheless, we cannot afford to shirk the task—we would be wise indeed to face it with a sense of urgency.

Not only would the islands draw benefit from mass migration, but the seriously under-populated areas of the Commonwealth—and indeed the whole Empire—would draw new life.

The manpower, now absorbed in carrying and distributing

food from where it is grown to where it is consumed, would be released for more productive activity.

Mass migration is in my view our most urgent need, but it cannot be considered our only method of withstanding the weight of atomic attack.

The population remaining in these islands should be redistributed and communications decentralised. There must be more viable harbours.

Not until all these things are done shall we be safe from the swift, initial knock-out. And safe from the starvation that would follow.

I believe this policy of mass migration, undertaken as quickly as possible, is a vital necessity if the British nation is to survive a third world war should war come. I also believe that the tremendous effort will not be wasted if we are fortunate enough to escape war.

For it would raise the British Empire to the greatest strength it has ever known, and make it the powerful bulwark of the democratic world.

(London Express Service)

Intoximeter says 'Three nips plenty'



A few drinks may not impair a driver's ability to handle controls quickly, but they always influence his judgment. And warped judgment, leading a driver to take risks he would normally avoid, is a far commoner cause of road accidents than clumsiness.

The Intoximeter, invented by U.S. doctor Dr. Glenn Forrester, is small enough to be carried in a policeman's pocket.

ALCOHOL TEST

A driver suspected of being drunk blows up a balloon attached to the device. The breath in the balloon then bubbles slowly through a tube filled with purple liquid.

If the liquid loses its colour in 90 seconds there must be enough alcohol in the driver's blood to influence his judgment, the report claims.

Such a driver is most probably in the dangerous 'dazzled and dazzled' stage, says Forrester. Beyond that his three further stages are 'dazed and dazed', 'drunk and drunk', and 'dead drunk'.

Slight tipsiness may be valuable for giving a business man Dutch courage at a board meeting, or helping a bashful lover to propose. But the test showed that it is bound to be harmful for anyone handling precision machinery or driving a car.

* 'Chemical Tests for Alcohol in Traffic Law Enforcement' (Blackwell, 1949).

The Intoximeter is used by the police of several American States. Forrester believes that its adoption would save many innocent drivers who meet their end under the influence.

FIREFLY'S WINK

WHICH creature has the most neatly developed sense of time? The firefly—according to scientists who have studied the light-signalling system whereby this insect sends its love greetings out into the night.

The male firefly's 'wolf-whistle' is an illuminated V sign, flashed out as he flits through the air. Any lone female responds by turning her light on exactly two seconds later.

Scanning the darkness with his bulbous eyes, the male acknowledges any female dead on time with her 'wink' by sending out further V signs, and finally settling up to her on her grass-stalk perch.

But any female more than a fifth of a second too early or too late with the come-hither sign is ignored.

—AND INTERVAL

By fooling fireflies with flashlights, the scientists proved that it is entirely the female's ability to time the two-second interval before she winks which keeps the male interested.

He responds to any kind of twinkling light—blue, green, red, or even infra-red—provided it flashes on and off with this stop-watch precision.

(London Express Service)

Send for Mr. Paris

R. M. MacCOLL

is a lighthearted introduction to a fabulous trouble-smoother, on 'Hiya' terms with princes

PARIS. It was the crowded cocktail hour in the sunshine-dappled courtyard of the Ritz Hotel. Suddenly the olive-skinned man with the Clark Gable mustache to whom I was talking leapt to his feet with a shout of excitement.

"It's the Aga!" he cried. "Hey—Aga!" The Aga Khan looked round in some astonishment, and then made his way good-naturedly towards us.

"Aga," said my friend, as he pushed me forward, "I want you to meet Mr. MacColl—the greatest newspaperman in the world today. When MacColl writes about you, Aga, you are a saint in his eyes."

The Aga Khan and I shook hands, looked at one another with uncertain smiles, as the people at nearby tables gazed open-mouthed then moved off.

"A great personality!" cried my companion the sunshine glinting on his mammoth gold cuff links and platinum wristwatch. "A man to walk with."

This is the sort of scene constantly re-enacted in the astonishing professional life of Guido.

"Galloping Guido" to his friends, Orlando, "international public relations counsellor."

Paris crazy scene of the richly colourful scramble for fashion, is having to get by without its most richly colourful "Mr. Paris." This master of flamboyant bustling has moved out for a few days. It can't be that the competition is too much for him.

His enthusiasm and unabashed friendliness are unusual even by American standards. His tireless energy could spark a boardroom full of Detroit business executives.

"Everyone, I don't care who he is, has a gnawing want in life!" he cries striding up and down his sumptuous suite in the Hotel Prince de Galles. "I am here to soothe that gnawing want."

"Sure I get their names in the papers," he gestured towards a stack of big morocco-bound scrapbooks with his name stamped in gold on the outside. "But I do more than that. I can bring happiness."

The telephone rang. Guido pounced on it. "Whoa? Who? Ah, princess, and how are you today? Howa? Wonderful, wonderful. Listen, princess, Orlando has got just the idea for that little problem of yours. It involves a horseback ride. How about that?"

"No, no—you won't do the riding. Come around this afternoon and I'll explain the whole thing. It'll hit every front page in two continents."

"A wonderful woman, grossly misunderstood," sighs Guido, whipping down the receiver.

On the walls of the suite there hang the decorations given to Guido by friendly monarchs and Governments. Interspersed among them are photographs of Guido hobnobbing with the great, from the Pope to Primo Carnaro.

Orlando claims that his was the decisive intervention in the Italian general election that saved Italy from the Red flood. "Orlando stood against Communism."

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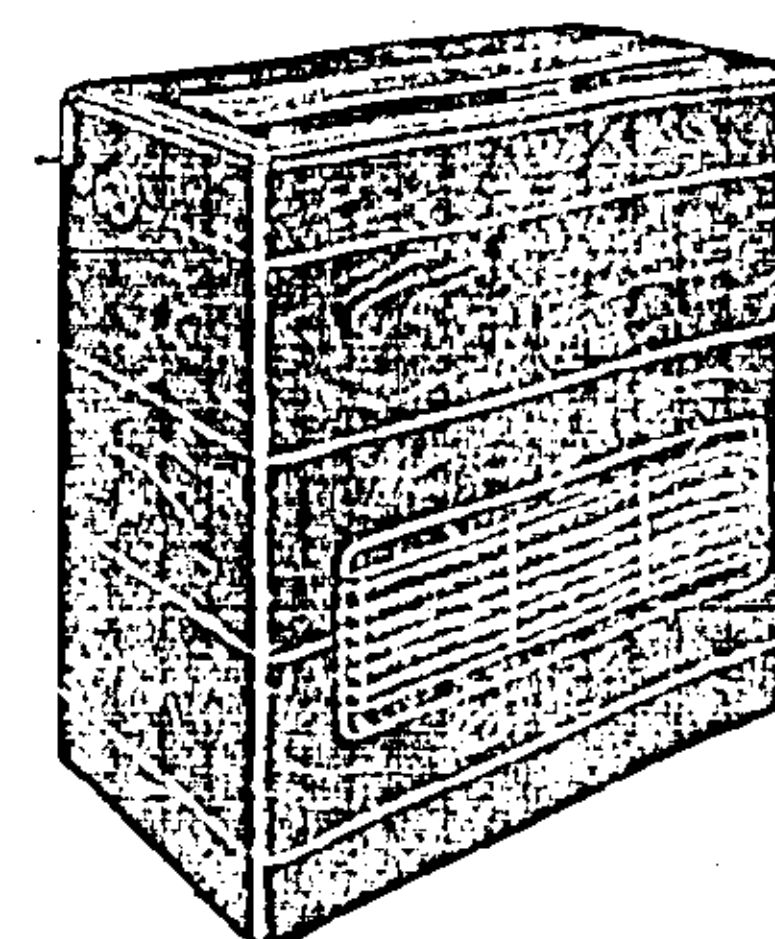
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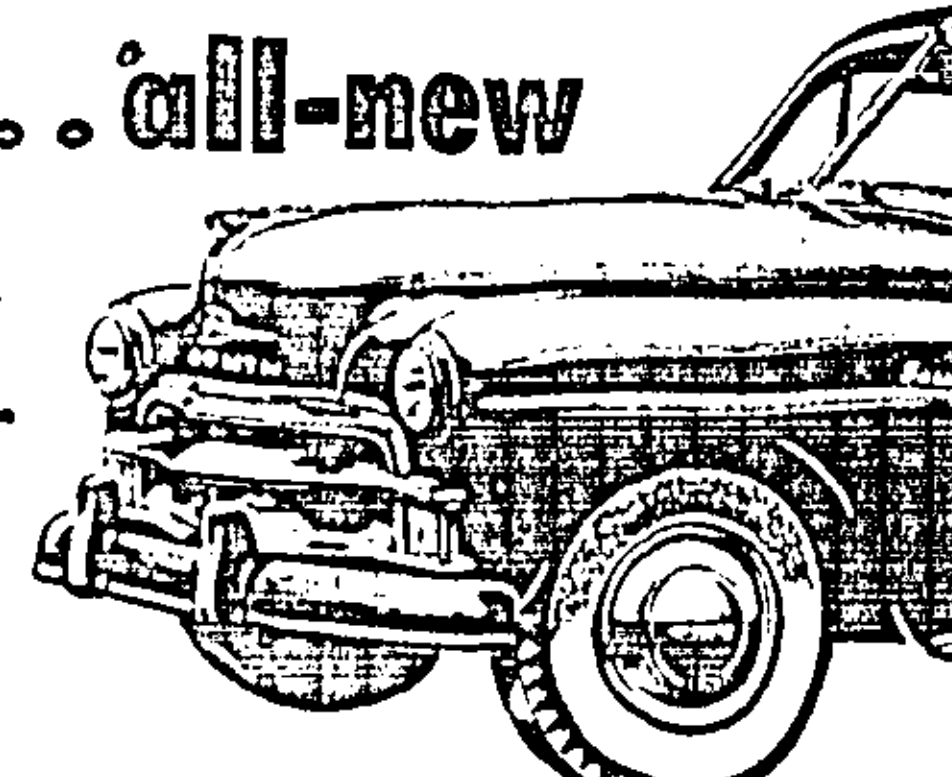
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NEW BOOKS It always rains for Monsieur

by GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

A KISS FOR THE LEPER: Genetrix. By Francois Mauriac. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 9s. 207 pages.

WITH Mauriac, the weather is always suitable. While the plot of his story is developing furtively, there is oppressive heat all over the Bordeaux wine country, his unvarying scene: thunder mutters along the horizon.

Will the storm ever come and bring relief? Not until M. Mauriac is ready. Not until the passion of his characters have exploded in violence. That is the time to bring out your waterproof.

In Genetrix, the better of these two brief powerful novels, the rain holds off until the moment when Ferdinand decides that deathly blow to his mother, Felicie. Then, at last, "A cataclysm of water fell from the sky upon the leaf-strewn garden path. In the darkness, a copper pan shone like a glowing human face."

Genetrix is Mauriac at his best, writing about mother-love at its worst. Felicie Chazouze crushes her son with her love. At 50 Ferdinand is not a man but a middle-aged boy, fat, spineless and lazy.

Going into the garden to eat a melon, forbidden him by his mother because of its heating properties, he throws the rind over the hedge. It hits, full in the face the little governess next door.

The incident illustrates Mauriac's delight in making his people ridiculous as well as tragic. He lavishes his passionate words on them—but involves them in undignified situations. His pity is edged with cruelty. He cannot praise a young woman's healthy appearance without mentioning her skin blemishes, her bad teeth.

Ferdinand marries the little governess next door, and war follows between mother and wife. The latter, defeated, dies after a miscarriage. But Felicie's triumph is brief.

For the first time, her son now hates her. To begin with, he treats her cruelly; then, with kindness. The mother says fondly: "I have found my

little boy again; he is sorry for his old mother."

His reply crushes her: "It is she who wants me to be good to you."

But, like the wife, the mother has her revenge after death. Ferdinand has been too long a son to live without a mother. He seeks the maternal love he craves from an old peasant woman, an illiterate girl who works in his kitchen. In the end, he is pitiful and preposterous.

There is a majestic single-mindedness about Mauriac's pursuit of this theme. There is a lucidity in the writing. But do we not detect a hint of hypocrisy in that relentless clarity of his?

A SOURCE OF EMBARRASSMENT. By Mary McCarthy Heinemann. 7s. 6d. 193 pages.

HAVE you any friends who are cranks? By all possible means, keep this book from them. It describes, with much irony and too much wit, how a selection of anarchists, vegetarians and people who believe that atomic warfare is imminent, found an amenable colony and named it Utopia.

Friction is manifest at an early stage. Between the purists who believe that they are forming the microcosm of a new and better world, and the realists who are simply creeping from the wrath to come. They have no intention at all of being changed or improved.

The purists do not wish to admit Joe Lockman to the colony on the ground that he is a business man. "Don't you believe in anything?" they ask the realists. In the end, Joe gets in. It turns out to be a blunder.

One day he creeps up behind Will Tubb, with a shot-gun. "State Police reporting," he says, in a loud voice. The joke miscarries; for it brings before Will's imagination all the indignities he might have suffered from "the Cosacks" for his initial beliefs. Will is at first startled and then indignant.

The confusion into which this incident plunges Utopia ends only when Leo Raphael decides his plan to transport to the United States all those in

Europe who reject totalitarianism. Utopia falls on this project with an enthusiasm that lasts until the colony is shaken by a real threat to its security—from a neighbouring family that picks Utopia's own private wild strawberries!

Mary McCarthy enjoys hilarious hunting on the lunatic fringes of the Left. Her satire, originally named The Oasis, should not have been re-titled.

THE JUNGLE OF YOUR HEART. By Frank Tilsley. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d. 320 pages.

PAUL GREGSON sells fire-places and is disgusted with a society which is deteriorating ethically. His wife, Grace, not so disgusted, keeps a little cafe. There is a pretty secretary in the head office of Paul's firm, also a pious hypocrite named Hargreaves.

Will anybody be surprised to hear that the secretary seduces Paul, and that Hargreaves manoeuvres him out of his job? What is really astonishing is that Frank Tilsley, with his knowledge of the crafty edges of modern Britain, keeps this frail little theme on the boil for more than 300 pages. It is quite a feat.

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Craft Lives On



Working at a craft said to be handed down from the days of the coracle-making Britons, Herbert Wilson, of Ulverston, Lancashire, weaves oak snail basket for the potato harvest. Mr Wilson is one of the few remaining workers in the dying English craft.

Time To Take Stock Of Our Measurements?

(By Our London Correspondent)

LONDON. THE British system of weights and measures causes endless amusement to Americans, and great misery to visiting Continentals. No less confusing to them is our monetary system, which admittedly seems designed to give the utmost trouble to all concerned and to make mental arithmetic a real headache.

British experts have urged often enough a switch over to

the metric system, already in operation over the greater part of the world, but without success. France—where it originated—uses the metric system, and so do Germany, Russia, Greece, Turkey, and scores of other countries.

But we continue to plead all manner of excuses for not shedding our farthings and florins, our yards, feet and inches. Now it seems that the small island of Cyprus may take the initiative, and adopt the system herself. The Government there recently proposed that the metric system of weights and measures should be introduced into the colony, thus bringing to the front the whole vexed question of an international system that would make trading a simpler and more efficient business altogether.

CHANCE NEEDED

Cyprus, by her example, may cause other colonies to think seriously about abandoning their present methods of measurement. She is herself badly in need of a change.

"How," ask her tradesmen, "are we to explain to customers overseas the fact that a cantar of olive oil weighs more than a cantar of carobs, which in its turn, weighs more than a cantar of onions? Can't we have an equal measurement of weight?" The change-over would mean that litres would take the place of pints, quarts, Cyprus litres, gallons, kiles, kousas, loads and the liquid dice.

What are a few facts about the metric system? In brief, it is the decimal system applied to weights and measures. Everything is in units of ten there is no twos, therefore, to have fractions.

TIME SAVED

It is estimated by educational authorities that the metric system, by dispensing with the need for fractions, would save at least a year of time spent by children learning arithmetic. Two typical examples from children's arithmetic books are these: "Find the number of cubic yards in a room measuring 7 yards, 2 feet, 8 inches by 14 yards 1 foot 3 inches by 6 yards, 5 inches." How much simpler is the

problem as seen in a French or German text-book. "Find the number of cubic metres in a room measuring 11.42 metres by 6.42 metres by 4.0 metres."

When applied to industry, the saving in cash is startling. One factory, which switched to metric, estimated that in one year it saved ten times the cost of new measuring devices. A railway estimated that metric would save it £15,000 a year in paper work. No less beneficial would be the time-saving factor for smaller concerns, and private traders.

The present metric measurements in the U.K. began when Edward I decided that three barleycorns made an inch, and Henry I specified the yard as the distance from the royal nose to the tip of the blue-blooded right thumb! The ancient Chinese had an "uphill" mile, and a "downhill" mile, working on the quite logical assumption that it was more difficult to walk up a hill than down one.

BASIC UNITS

During the French Revolution, the National Assembly appointed a commission of scientists to settle on a minimum number of units, and to place all these units on the decimal system. They decided that the basic unit of measurement should be the metre. It was divided into 100 equal parts—centimetres. It was multiplied by 1000 to make the kilometre—which is about three-fifths of our mile. The weight of one cubic centimetre of water became the basic measure of weight—one gram. One thousand grams made up a kilogram—2.2 lbs. One thousand cubic centimetres became the litre—somewhat less than our quart.

It is said that the average person should be able to adjust himself to the new system in a matter of a few days, since there are only three basic units in it, the litre for capacity, the gram for weight and the metre for length.

It can be argued for it that there would be greater understanding and sympathy between nations, business transactions would be speeded up considerably, much paper work would vanish for ever.

Don't make the UNEXPECTED CHILD a stranger

by CANON WARNER
Marriage Adviser to the Church of England

HERE IS A FAMILY. There are two fine children whose parents have decided to give them every chance in life. The children will have a good education. The parents are prepared to pay for it. NOW Child No. 3 is on the way. The prospect of the best of everything for the first two children is endangered.

WHAT are the parents to do? Is the child to be kept when it is born? Or shall it be adopted?

YOU may have read of that real-life problem in the paper recently. It must have been argued over scores of breakfast tables. What did you decide?

That there should be a problem at all is an indication of how far we have travelled from the days when a number of brothers and sisters was recognised as the finest environment that a growing child could ever have.

If you have a fixed income, more children will naturally mean cutting down expenditure somewhere. Private school fees will take a big slice out of the money. Examine that first. Does a fee-paying school provide that "something extra" in the way of smaller classes which is sufficient to outweigh the influence—forgotten that members of a large family have upon one another? Surely not.

If the choice has to be made

between personality and scholarship, personality wins every time.

A clever brain in a maladjusted child is no catch for an adopter. How can a child help growing maladjusted if he knows that his parents got rid of a brother so that he might have all the best?

The adopted child might well find a good home. That is not the point. The family is a natural unit. To break it deliberately is not only wrong, but psychologically disastrous for both the adopted child and the family from which he came.

ADOPTED parents can never give a child a sense of really "belonging." Having no uncles, aunts, brothers or sisters that he can call his own means that he grows up in spiritual isolation.

Yet it is the price such parents are asking their youngest child

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

More Vacation Notes By KEMP STARRETT

